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Cover photograph of  
President Dwight D. Eisenhower  
Secretary of State John Foster Dulles

—United Press Photo

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# I'LL TELL THE WORLD

## EXCOMMUNICATE THE ARTIST?

EDITOR:

"André Girard: Portrait of an Artist" (May), by W. B. Ready means that Catholics must be ready for most anything called religious art. For centuries, religious art was termed "The Poor Man's Bible." He couldn't read but here he could see the true story of our Lord's agony, or the beauty of His Transfiguration. It was not a nightmare needing interpretation.

I heard an Irish priest say, as he stood before a modern (?) statue. "Faith, I would never know you, St. Joseph, if it wasn't for the lily." Some artists think they can improve on God's handiwork and monsters are the result. . . .

As a young man, I taught art. Now I know how little I knew. I went around with a flowing bow tie and grew a goatee and supported my large family this way but I did not call it religious art. I was "zee artiste."

Ready would not have been so ready to give this art as an example to youth if he had heard yesterday a humble priest, who is a truly great religious artist, say as he studied this almost blasphemous work, "If I were Pope, I would excommunicate any one doing such a thing." Many Catholics feel the same way. . . . Yours for the betterment of youth.

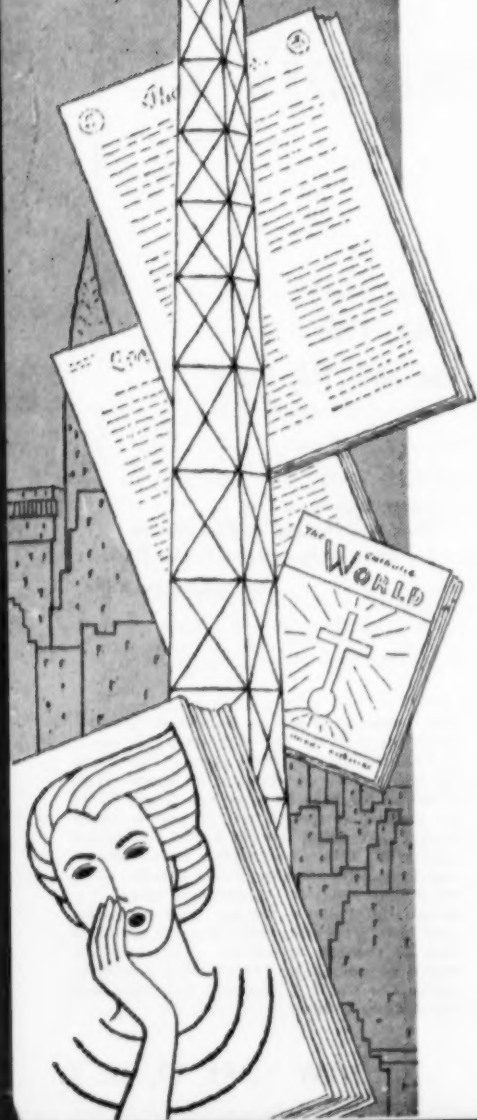
Frank W. Epperson, Sr.  
Oakland, Cal.

*Ed.: Of one modern artist it was said that they hung his pictures because they couldn't find him. But he was just a bad artist. I think we should judge art not as a moral sermon but as a creative work reflecting the artist's personal vision of reality. As to sacred art, the Church can make the modern school her own just as she made Byzantine, Gothic and Baroque her own.*

EDITOR:

. . . A superb article, that by Ready on André Girard. Let's bid Godspeed to the parting guest of Barclay Street plaster.

J. N. Syms  
New York, N. Y.





## CASSIDY AT CARCASSONNE

### READER:

A gremlin from the Kremlin infiltrated our office and tampered with the text of Sister Maryanna's tribute in May to Hopalong Cassidy's global influence. Our profound apologies to Sister Maryanna. Here is the original, uncensored version:

### INCIDENT AT CARCASSONNE

*The little boys at Carcassonne  
Are playing on its walls.  
Past barbican and gate they run  
Into the castle halls;  
Its towers in the setting sun  
Are ringing with their calls.  
From battlements I lean to hear  
Their shouts of boyish glee.  
Besieging Arab? Chevalier?  
What are they meant to be?  
Borne on the wind in accents clear:  
"Opalong Cassidee!"*

## THE EMPTY VASE OF CHRISTIAN BELIEF

### EDITOR:

Mr. Hanlin's "Report from Copenhagen" was interesting and in many respects quite informative. I wonder, however, if he was not wielding his broadsword against a straw man in defending the Danes against the charges of being "wicked" and "incorrigible." I personally am aware of very few references to the Danes in such terms but I am familiar with references to them as quite irreligious and prone to an exaggerated cult of the body and of the good life in its various physical aspects. I doubt if Mr. Hanlin would disagree with that appraisal.

Also, the mention of a "universal unconscious Christianity in Copenhagen" confused me a bit. Apparently, basic regard for many aspects of the natural law was meant, for "unconscious Christianity" would have about as much meaning as a deeply felt "unconscious" personal conviction.

Donald J. A. Curran  
Innsbruck, Austria

*Ed.: I agree that you cannot have an unconscious personal conviction. A nation, however, may have a way of life based on the convictions of its forefathers even though the nation now rejects those convictions. The American way of life, its "freedom," etc., is based on the religious convictions of the Founding Fathers. Today millions of Americans do not share these Christian beliefs. We still have our way of life but (to use a phrase from Renan) how long will the perfume linger after the vase has been emptied?*

## HAPPY RIDERS IN CREAKY BUGGIES

### EDITOR:

I read Mr. Delaunay's article on Catholic Teachers at Secular Colleges (February) and Mr. Durick's reply in May. After reading Mr. Durick's article I was confused at his "defense" of the Catholic college and felt more persuaded of the truth of the points made so ably by Mr. Delaunay.

Mr. Durick's alleged defense of Catholic institutions is summed up in the words: "Gee! fellas, they're at least as bad as we are." Are teachers at Catholic schools underpaid? So are those at public and private institutions. "I know several reputable State colleges against which nearly all the items in Prof. Delaunay's indictment of the Catholic college may be leveled." Is there ecclesiastical bullying? It's as bad in the secular colleges. And so on.

As a graduating senior who plans to attend college next fall, I feel that an attitude of being a Happy Rider in an inferior buggy is not justified simply because the other fellow's buggy needs a grease job. . . . In justice to the upcoming student and upcoming teacher let's do something, without being contented riders in a creaky buggy.

William L. Reddy  
Latham, N. Y.

## CATHOLIC COLLEGE STUDENT SPEAKS

### EDITOR:

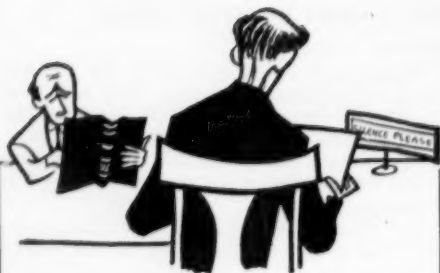
Janemarie Curran is to be commended for her "I Went to a Catholic College" (January). She pinpoints the basic principles upon which Catholic education is fashioned. Truth predominates as the end of all courses offered; it is this Truth which is the golden thread connecting and unifying all branches of study. The Catholic women's college prepares a young woman to enjoy life rationally, ordaining all things to her last end. Miss Curran's article answers the stereotyped questions which challenge the adequacy of the Catholic college.

Patricia Ann Collins  
Coll. of St. Mary of the Springs,  
Columbus, Ohio.

### EDITOR:

. . . The difference between secular college education and that of a Catholic college is well explained by Miss Curran. That difference is that the basic truths learned from theology and philosophy are applied to all subjects in a Catholic college. The methods of Catholic education provide an essential unity in all studies.

Mary Lee Fox  
Coll. of St. Mary of the Springs,  
Columbus, Ohio.



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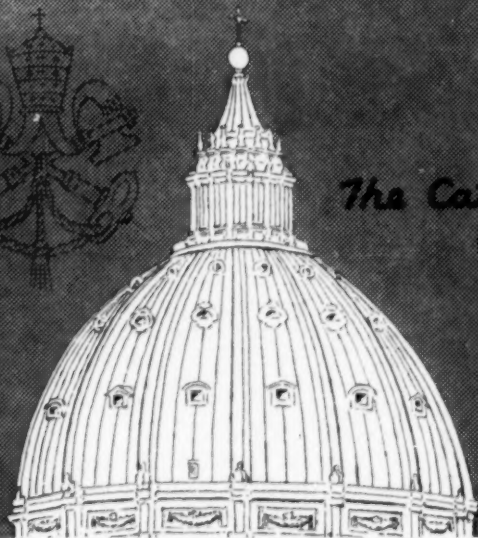
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*The Catholic*

# WORLD

JULY, 1956

## *Shall We Conform or Think?*

by JOHN B. SHEERIN, C.S.P.

**A**RE you a vacation neurotic? This question is often asked to amuse but it can be a warning. Many Americans don't know how to relax on vacation. Laboring under delusions of adolescence regained, many a middle-aged businessman hikes or swims or golfs himself into a heart attack. As a substitute, a safer and saner sport is *thinking*. Yet I suppose most Americans would deem the notion somewhat indecent. Most of us consider thinking unnecessary, irrelevant and anything but fun.

Yet if we don't think on vacation, we certainly will not do any thinking during our working months. We don't have time for it. Several times lately I have heard the query: when does President Eisenhower ever get time to think? His work load is brutal. It's inconceivable to imagine him calling a halt in his day's busy schedule so that he might relax and take a long, cool look at the Russian "new look." I mean a quiet, thoughtful meditation on the Red curb on the secret police, the exorcism of Stalin's ghost and the alleged abandonment by Moscow of the idea of inevitable war—all this in the light of Soviet diplomatic history and Marxist theory. If he were to think profoundly about these matters, the President could make a clear judgment about the new policy of "smiles" and form a definite policy toward Moscow instead of our present attitude of "hopeful vigilance."

**W**HAT I am trying to say is not a specific indictment of the President but a comment on the present situation in America with regard to thinking. It is not being done generally by Democrats or Republicans, by executives or professors or journalists. We are all too busy. We don't have the

leisure time for thinking. That is, except for the laboring men who have more leisure time than ever before but the irony of it is that this leisured class doesn't have the ability to do sustained thinking.

I suppose the Soviets do as little real thinking as we do. For all the propaganda about Stalin's genius, we know that he committed incredible blunders. Khrushchev's attack on dead Stalin at the now-memorable Party Congress in February showed very slight evidence of real thinking. It was full of heat but little

**Red in  
the Face**

light. The talk, or at least the text as we have it, was in-temperate personal abuse of the dead leader. Indeed, the text we have is probably incomplete. Khrushchev is reported to have spoken with such rage that some of his more violent outbursts were deleted. But that sort of thing is suitable in a dictatorship. Stalin and Hitler were quite irrational and it's unreasonable to expect the present Red dictators to be judicious. Dictators rule by force and terror, not by reason.

A democracy is in a different situation. We cannot afford to make blunders. Stalin could waste the lives of millions of peasants by means of an economic purge and Mao Tse-tung in China today needn't worry if he throws away the lives of a few million hungry Chinese. In a democracy, however, no man is expendable. Any decision of major consequence involving human lives should be based on good and sufficient reasons. Thought is indispensable in a free nation.

**I** CONFESS therefore that I was irked by the cavalier fashion in which a writer in *The American*

*Scholar* (Spring: 1956) casually dismissed the problem of the low level of thinking in 1956 America. This is definitely what we would call an intellectual magazine and yet this lead article by Daniel J. Boorstin is a defense of the anti-intellectual. Or at least a vindication of the non-thinker. The author is a member of the history faculty of the University of Chicago and has written a recent work on the historical role of American political thought. The particular article which raised my hackles is entitled "The Place of Thought in American Life."

**T**HE impression I gathered from reading the piece is that thought has no really significant place in American life. I take it that Boorstin is a pragmatist and considers ideas to have no value in themselves. Therefore he seems to feel that Americans look upon ideas merely as nuclei due to become principles of action. If they do not issue in action, they have no value.

He speaks disparagingly of Europe with its systems of schools of thought and feels that we Americans are emancipated from all that nonsense. His notion is that there are two classes in Europe, the workers and the thinkers. The thinkers don't work but spend their time embroidering filigreed, intricate systems of thought such as Thomism. While the workers do their work, the thinkers take

**Thomism,  
an Escape**

refuge in their ideologies far from the confusion of the market place. I wonder how Boorstin would explain the fact that in France the thinkers are usually right in the thick of the political wars. Simone de Beauvoir's novel *The Mandarins* shows intellectuals

caught fast in the political whirlpool. But that's beside the point.

**H**ERE in America, so Boorstin argues, our representative savants are more interested in institutions than in ideologies. He belittles ideologies as rigid and dead whereas institutions can live and grow and change. Therefore Americans prefer to be builders and administrators of institutions rather than original thinkers. He cites the example of the idea of equality. He claims that Americans are not interested in producing any important theory about equality but that they have produced "equalitarian" institutions. I suppose he has in mind the Public School, Civil Service etc.

The sheer pragmatism of the author comes out in his insistence that we are concerned only about ideas when they wear work clothes. We are indifferent to the question as to whether or not our ideas are consistent and coherent. We are content to meet new situations with gadgets and projects: as long as they serve the purpose today we don't care whether they will work tomorrow. Moreover, Boorstin mixes in a little empiricism with his pragmatism. He says our dramatists are interested in sparking a pleasurable experience, not in composing a masterpiece. Our movies are but an accumulation of sensations. Even American religion is an "experience."

**A**RE Americans as pragmatic as Boorstin makes them out to be? That is another question and one that would deserve a long investigation but here I am only concerned about his eulogy of pragmatism. To say that the only truth that is valid and worthwhile is *practical* truth

is to kill thinking. For it is a denial of absolute truth and implies that truth is constantly changing. Boorstin lauds the formlessness of American thought, its lack of treatises and system and alleges that genuine truth is hardly separable from experience.

Rodin's "Thinker" would never make Boorstin's private hall of fame. He would consider thoughtful meditation on the eternal imponderables as a sheer waste of time. He concludes his article on a somewhat religious note. Whereas the Buddhist strives for Nirvana, the *American Nirvana* of Boorstin's article strives

nobly to be adapted to his environment. His Nirvana is absorption in the social situation through conformity and compromise. The wise American, as painted in such glowing colors by Boorstin, rejects the sudden turns and sharp grades of political life in the old world in favor of the imperceptible slopes of institutional life in America.

This is a sorry plea for "conformity." As Maritain has pointed out, the masses tend to go to sleep and prophetic shock minorities are needed to wake them up. Original, daring, sane and sound thinkers are needed today in America as they have been needed since the beginning of the world. As for Boorstin's preference for institutions rather than for ideologies, we can say that institutions are founded on ideas and if the ideas are flimsy they will fail to support the institutions. When the props are weak, the building topples.

**T**ODAY America bears the responsibility of leading the free nations of the world. If America is to make

correct decisions, Americans have to think out their problems. Expediency is not enough. What is true of our government officials is also true of our teachers and lawyers and writers and even of political candidates. In the coming campaign we will hear much about platforms and personalities and parties but little about the candidates' ability to think. A candidate

should prove he has **Candidates** the brain power to **Need Brains?** make right decisions. Moreover, far more important than a candidate's personality or platform is his knowledge of ideas, the fundamental ideas behind our institutions. If our institutions, political and otherwise, need to be reformed, they should be brought back to the original concepts that made them and America great.

Contrary to what Boorstin says, it is the institutions that grow old: their essential and basic ideas are perennially young. Even Christianity has gathered accretions about it at times in the course of the centuries but the Church is constantly reforming itself not in its essential doctrines but in accidental externals. The American Constitution may have gathered about it incorrect interpretations in its long history. If so, we need to return to its master ideas.

**A**MERICAN industry is not quite so cocksure of the value of pragmatism as is Boorstin. The National Association of Manufacturers said some time ago that it would be a disastrous error if Americans were transformed into "highly specialized cavemen, woefully deficient in the arts and letters." Boorstin seems to consider it a very wonderful phe-

nomenon that in America we all try to speak the same language "and only a few know more than one." This may promote homogeneity but not sensitive and sympathetic thinking. Many companies today want their executives to know more than technology and business administration. Bell Telephone Company sent a group of its young executives to the University of Pennsylvania for a ten-month course in the humanities.

Professor Whitehead wrote that moral education is impossible "without the habitual vision of greatness." Intellectual vision has distinguished Americans in the past not only in making farseeing decisions **Whitehead's** but in contemplat- **Heroes** ing moral excellence.

Boorstin says that today Americans are striving for adjustment to and absorption into their environment. That was not so years ago. Early Americans often wrestled with their environment, fought opposition and battled the elements because they had their eyes fixed on heroes to emulate. Whitehead is eminently right when he says that you cannot have good men in art, science or human conduct unless they can contemplate the "first-rate." Progress comes not from stumbling from one situation to another as best you can but by reaching toward an ideal, whether it be Shakespeare, Edison, or Abraham Lincoln.

**J**USTICE DOUGLAS, in the Zorach case, said that Americans are a religious people "whose institutions presuppose a Supreme Being." If human life is just the struggle of the biological organism to survive, to avoid pain and to adapt itself to the environment, then Americans ought



to adopt pragmatism. Millions already have done so. They have made sex, health and food their ideals and Marilyn Monroe and Aly Khan their idols.

But the idea behind our chief American institutions is that there is a Supreme Being and that His moral law is the rule of our conduct. Reginald Cook, in a recent article in *The Saturday Review*, made the point that in the nineteenth century, moral, religious and civil values were accepted by all. The hero of that century's novels may have been beaten by hostile forces around him but he hung on courageously to the moral code. With his world toppling around him, he steered his course by the everlasting stars. The novelist's readers could identify themselves with the hero because they shared his allegiance to a moral code that was fixed and eternal.

Today we don't seem to have heroes in our novels. The chief character in many modern novels makes his own code in this era of relativism. There is about it none of the universal majesty and grandeur of the Christian code. Nor can the readers experience a sense of personal identification in this "private" problem of the character. They can

look at him with as much casual indifference as a peddler might look upon a dog dying in the streets. Cook sees something noble about these little men in our age of little men but I wonder if many readers do so.

A RECENT book showed how many of the Broadway plays dramatize psychotherapy. They portray characters striving to shake off the lusts and hates and inhibitions developed in childhood and inventing pretexts of virtue to cover deep irrational drives. Such conflicts are too private to have universal significance and to provide "a vision of excellence" in human character. I rather doubt that a cool look at a man's private ailments will inspire the youths of America.

In short, I believe that we need more thinkers. Concentrated attention to an idea made the saints and heroes of history, and that process of thinking made them in many cases "nonconformists" who did battle with their environment. Mr. Boorstin may praise his comfortable little pragmatists slinking into a faceless mass but my preference is the independent thinker who uses his God-given intelligence to make right decisions though the heavens fall.



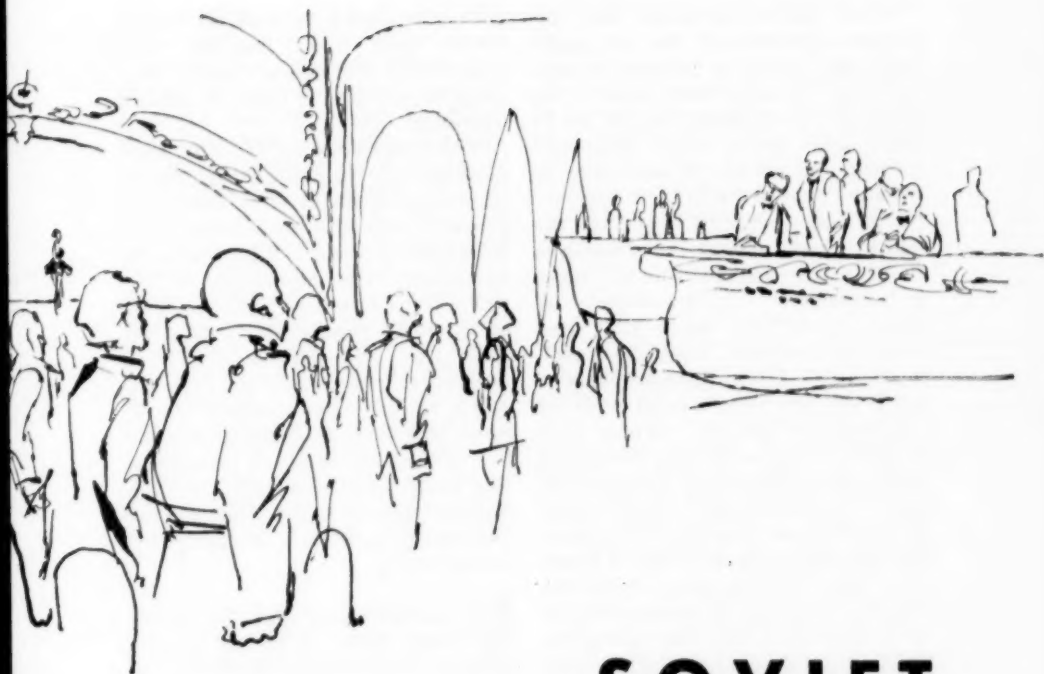




by Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

**R**ECENTLY I attended in Cologne a very private lecture given by an influential German diplomat who is also a scholar of renown. He was active in the German occupation of Russia, speaks Russian fluently and hails from the Rhineland where a rather international outlook traditionally is linked with broadmindedness and a certain, hidden skepticism which occasionally comes to the fore. He accompanied Adenauer last year on the Chancellor's unavoidable trip to Moscow and he spoke primarily about his impressions though frequently referring to the confidential information he receives every day. The guests who attended the lecture, almost without exception, were specialists on Russian affairs.

The lecturer emphasized the questionable value of all general state-



A MEETING OF

## SOVIET EXPERTS

ments, pointing out that Soviet society is ideologically anything but homogeneous and, that the further up one moves in the hierarchy of classes, the greater the support of the government will be, though support of the government does not necessarily presuppose an orthodox Communist conviction.

Officially there is much talk about "Soviet Man," especially in the presence of foreigners, but after the fifth vodka "Soviet Man" is forgotten and the words "Russia" and "Russian" reappear. Three things, nevertheless, stand out at present: the enormous effort of interior colonization, the almost desperate quest for higher food production and the Russification of the border areas in an indirect way, as a "planned by-product" of centralization.

There can be no doubt that important members of the old upper class who failed or refused to emigrate, moved at an early date to the Caucasus, to Eastern Siberia, or to Turkestan where they were unknown and where it was easy to provide oneself with new papers. In the years between 1941-1943 the lecturer had encountered numerous Russians who came to him to "make a confession" (*pokayatsya*) by throwing off the mask they had worn for decades. Thus the Russification of the non-Russian parts of the USSR has been a joint work of Communism and the former (nationalistic) upper classes occupying again fairly important positions in their "internal exile." Their denationalizing role had been somewhat restrained as long as Stalin (a Georgian and non-Russian) ruled the Empire, a role not dissimilar to that of the French aristocrats during the Third Republic who gained for their country a huge realm overseas which now the Fourth Republic is in the process of losing.

**T**HE present efforts of the Red State are gigantic but, at the same time, there are many weak spots. The Achilles-heel of the USSR is agriculture, for production by no means keeps step with the still fairly rapid increase of population—an increase too fast from an economic and too slow from a geopolitical point of view. There is the rivalry with China which must be taken seriously in a "historical," but not in an immediate political perspective. Unfortunately for the West much time will have to elapse before population pressure forces China to expand in the only possible direction—toward Siberia. It would be unwise for the Free World to base

concrete politics on such an expectation right now. But the food situation is still delicate and a huge crop failure would make it critical overnight.

The main reasons for this state of affairs are the scarcity of *men* on the collective farms (they have been pressed into the industries), the waste and the bad handling of farm machinery, the exhaustion of the soil and the total lack of enthusiasm of the farm population (except for their tiny semi-private plots). It remains to be seen how the fantastic plans to colonize northern Turkestan will succeed. The large number of recently released concentration camp inmates among the "volunteers" proves that the Soviets are scratching the bottom of their population barrel.

**T**HE lecturer was quite favorably impressed, from a purely human point of view, with the younger generation of experts and higher bureaucrats he encountered in Moscow and with whom he had numerous intimate conversations. He was amused to watch their reaction when the older men talked shop invoking solemnly the Holy Scriptures of Marxism; then the younger ones would smile benevolently as if to indicate that they had little respect for this kind of mythology.

It would be shortsighted, the speaker said, to ignore the fact that a new human type is developing, a type by no means universal, but

---

Basing his article on the findings of a prominent German diplomat and specialist on Russian affairs, **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** gives us a valuable insight into the present situation in that perplexing country. Dr. von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's "Reports from Europe" may be found now in many weekly papers in this country.

characteristic of the USSR, and with whom it is difficult for us to have any real communication unless we confine ourselves solely to practical subjects. "Soviet Man" is by no means an abstraction. He is a cold and factual person whose god is "progress" and who goes all-out for most aspects of American life as he sees them through the spectacles of propaganda and an older mythology. (It is precisely this false "Americanism" which contributed to the nefarious European equation of "Wall Street" with the Kremlin.) Lenin and Stalin's almost boundless admiration for America still survives in their followers. And to measure up to, to compete with, or to defeat America continues to be the great Soviet dream.

THESE profound changes in the Russian mentality were noticeable some time ago. During the war the lecturer reorganized education in White-Ruthenia, and overseeing the rewriting of elementary school textbooks was part of his job. A White-Ruthenian, a sincere anti-Communist, had written a piece about "Our Village," describing the clubhouse as its center. Asked whether, architecturally, this was the case, he answered in the affirmative. What else could be the center? The Germans waited and waited without coming to his assistance and the poor man searched his mind for the answer that was evidently expected. At long last one had pity on him and pointed out that, even at that date, the church was the most important building in every village. The writer almost burst into tears. Of course, this was true—but the non-existence of the church had been so drilled into his mind that

instinctively he had answered as he did.

SOVIET MAN does not worship God, he worships Progress. He wants to be a *progressivny* or a *pyeredovoy chelovyek*. The lecturer, referring to Adenauer's departure from Moscow by air, mentioned two planes which were waiting at the airdrome and the gangways connecting them with the ground. The broadest and least steep of these, made of wood, was attached to a plane assigned to Adenauer's assistants while the Chancellor's plane was provided with a steep and narrow gangway. A German friend of the lecturer pointed out to the Russian attendants that the old gentleman would surely find it easier to use the wooden gangway, but they recoiled in horror. Not really! they exclaimed. That gangway was *inferior*; the one made of metal was vastly superior and "ranked" higher. Why? Oh, it was mechanical and anything mechanical, obviously, takes precedence over anything non-mechanical.

The Adenauer visit provided some revealing incidents, but the most impressive of all was the Russian demonstration in front of the foreign ministry annex in the Malaya Spiridonovka-Street. It happened late at night after darkness had descended upon Moscow and faces could not easily be identified. We must remember that the Germans, and quite rightly, are anything but popular in Russia, yet Adenauer figures in the public mind as Europe's foremost anti-Communist. One cannot believe that the demonstration was organized, but there certainly was an outpouring of people eager to see and to greet the Federal Chancellor. Someone

shouted the "Old One's" name, and suddenly a mounting chorus could be heard which continued for almost a quarter of an hour: "Adenaver! Adenaver!" — and this right in the heart of Moscow. Of course, it was impossible for the Chancellor to acknowledge this demonstration for the Free West.

**T**HE speaker then related another curious experience. The German delegation attended a performance of the ballet at the Grand Opera. At the first intermission the Germans were ushered into a gorgeous hall where an appetizing buffet supper awaited them. Everyone started to eat and drink, but ten minutes later the bell rang and the German delegates headed for the door. To their dismay they were prevented from returning to their seats and the eating, drinking and chatting went on, though here and there a worried face peeked into the hall.

It was a full half hour before their hosts broke up the party, and the Germans were rather disgruntled as they were convinced they had missed the best part of the ballet with the lovely Ulanova. But what was their surprise when they entered their boxes to see that the audience had been waiting for their masters and guests, still on their feet not daring to sit down.

The same thing was repeated during the second intermission, and again the rest of the audience meekly and without a murmur waited to applaud their superiors.

Another aspect of the Soviet Government's structure became evident when Adenauer, toward the end of the negotiations, finally gave his consent to the formula of mutual recognition but emphasized that he still needed the green light of the

Federal Diet. The Russians were disagreeably surprised and accused him of "hedging." "Gentlemen," Adenauer replied ironically, "after all, even you cannot arrive at a snap decision; even you have to ask the representatives of your nation." "Of course, of course," Khrushchev assured him nervously and turned around to Bulganin. "We ought to refer this matter to somebody. Perhaps to the Ts.I.K. . . . [Central Executive Committee]." "Or, even better, to the Supreme Soviet," Bulganin remarked benevolently. "Yes — why not?" was Khrushchev's reply. It was quite evident that all this was merely byplay.

The German-Russian meeting took place on two levels: a strictly official one during which, in a frequently icy atmosphere, the Russians tried to hold to their jargon. Actual insults were not rare, but Adenauer proved to be even more cold-blooded than his hosts, showing that a fare of bitter chocolate and Christian principles is superior to vodka and dialectic materialism. Then there was the non-official part at the dinner tables and the buffets when the Soviet leaders became amazingly frank and acknowledged that they saw in Adenauer the true representative of the German people, whereas the men of Pankow were abject Quislings who could remain in power only with the aid of Red Army tanks manned by Red Army soldiers.

**T**HE lecturer, finally, mentioned various aspects of Soviet life. He had visited an agrarian exhibition. Impressed by the machinery he inquired about the volume of production but in many instances the answers came haltingly. These were just models. They would be mass-

produced—some day, not yet, but in the near future.

The living standards in Moscow still were radically different from those in the provinces, not to mention the villages. Living conditions had risen slightly in the immediate past and there was a certain, increasing collective pride of the people in being Russians. Man simply cannot go on living with a total rejection of his environment; for better or worse he has to see some consoling aspects in his existence. And this is precisely what is happening now in the USSR to Soviet society which will stick together in a period of even very relative well-being. A real division such as was apparent during the rapid German advance in 1941-1942 would only be brought about under intense pressure and misery.

The speaker had been present at the big offensive following Hitler's surprise attack when women kissed the boots of German officers in whom they saw liberators, when church bells were rung, villages were festively decorated, whole regiments and army-corps surrendered without a fight and, most tragic of all, Jewish soldiers made every effort to join the German lines, declaring that they were "immune to Red propaganda about Nazi, anti-Semitic atrocities," and adding that they, as Jews, always admired Germany.

This was not only true of the Ukraine, but also of White-Ruthenia and Great Russia, not to mention the Cossacks and the ethnic minorities. Nazi policy, however, was incredibly immoral and stupid. It played directly into the hands of the Communists, many of whom joined the German administration in order to mistreat the local popu-

lation in the name of "Greater Germany" and thus speed up a belated resistance. It is impossible to foretell whether in another war the disappointment in the Nazi "liberation" will still be effectively remembered and prevent a repetition of the events of 1941-1942.

**I**N the discussion following the lecture there was a great deal of talk about the Vlassov Army known to many of those present. This tragic military unit had been organized under the worst possible circumstances. The Russian officers soon felt the condescension of the Nazi racialists, the hopeless insecurity of the German generals, the complete lack of any solid blueprint for their fatherland. Their suspicions were soon communicated to their men who deserted once the Germans began to suffer serious reverses. Often they joined the partisans trying desperately (and usually in vain) to work their passage home. Those who remained faithful were finally rounded up by the British and the Americans who looked upon them as traitors to the Great Soviet Democracy, imprisoned them in German concentration camps where they were turned over to their erstwhile oppressors. Indescribable scenes took place; an eyewitness related how these unfortunate men tried to commit suicide by biting through their arteries. Those who survived and were not executed by the M.V.D. were sent to Arctic camps. One can easily imagine with what tender feelings they regard the "liberty loving" democracies of the West, feelings they are communicating to others.

The talk then switched to the concentration camps, to the big strike in Vorkuta and the uprising



of the slave laborers at the Volga-Don Canal. The attitude of the West-Ukrainians in the concentration camps was a matter of careful Germanic analysis. They show a discipline unheard of among Russians or East-Ukrainians. The West-Ukrainians, previously under Polish rule, enjoyed the blessings of Communism only after 1939 and thus they have a background different from the rest of the Soviet nations. They are, moreover, Eastern Rite Catholics and not Greek-Orthodox.

In the concentration camps they worked hard (thereby antagonizing other prisoners), loathed the Russians, were clean and efficient, showed absolute loyalty to their organization, and never ceased to dream of their fields, their farms, their forests. Another faith, a tradition of private property, a culture more Western than Eastern, and the result is a radical difference in outlook and behavior.

Due to these circumstances the armed resistance in the Western Ukraine has been infinitely stronger than anywhere else, and only a few weeks ago a Soviet-Ukrainian paper made an appeal to thousands of resistance fighters in the Rowno-Region to lay down their arms. This appeal, admittedly, came as a surprise to certain Soviet experts in the West who have discounted the claims of Ukrainian exiles as to the extent of their *maquis*. All of which proves that one has to be extremely cautious in all judgments on the USSR.

**T**HE lecturer then related one of his own experiences in White-Ruthenia, mentioning a certain Kaminski, a man of partly Polish origin, who effectively controlled an

area the size of present day Austria. He was given arms and money, whereupon he established his own "kingdom" in the Pripyet region, but he came to a miserable end in Warsaw after the German retreat. Caught as a looter while pillaging empty houses during the uprising of General Bor-Komorowski, he was executed on the spot.

One of the participants in the discussion, a former administrator in the Smolensk region, told about an armistice concluded with a huge band of partisans. They were asked to collect large quantities of berries for German jam factories, were paid for it, and kept the peace during the three weeks of their labors.

It was the independence of mind of these partisan leaders which resulted in their frequent executions after the war. The consensus of most experts present was to the effect that the partisans were "sub-conscious anarchists" and anti-totalitarians rather than "Soviet patriots." If the schematic and bureaucratic mind of the "Prussian leadership" had not prevented it, one could easily have "hired" and used these wild and brave people. ("I wonder whether the Americans will show more imagination," a Prussian remarked dryly.)

**T**HIS brought the talk back to the religious problem and the Russo-Chinese question. A very thoughtful German with world-wide experience, regarded Red China as a greater menace than Russia, pointing out that "individualism" in our sense is unthinkable without a Christian background, a background lacking in China which has all the qualifications for becoming far more totalitarian than Russia.



The perfect ant state might center more easily around Peking than around Moscow. (The frightening loss of Chinese individuality was recently remarked by one of the neutralist *Le Monde's* correspondents who spent considerable time in China.) If this be true, then the sell-out in China might still prove the greatest calamity of our age.

As to Russia itself there was general agreement that the Orthodox Church as an organized body had lost a great deal of its prestige and that the various sects (Eastern, Protestant or otherwise) had largely gained. There is now in Russia an understandable tendency to consider everything organized as of the Devil. The lecturer warned against under-emphasizing the Faith still alive in Russia and expressed the thought that the unseemly haste—to say the least—with which the Eastern Church accepted the advances of the regime was by no means necessarily fatal. The Russians have a religious notion of humility and humiliation which also extends to their Church and which is difficult for us to appreciate. Relatively few of the recent refugees were religious-minded, he admitted, but a person active in the religious underground would be least likely to emigrate. By leaving the USSR he would not be deserting Communism, but Christ, which is a very different matter.

Those who have been to Soviet concentration camps confirmed the presence of a very large number of sectarians, usually of the passive resistance type. The documentation by Arvid Gustafsson, though almost ten years old, is still valid. There is also considerable evidence of religious conviction among the new in-

telligentsia. The new lower middle class is the class most exposed to atheism and materialism.

ANTI-SOVIETISM in Russia, it was brought out during the rest of the debate, was usually accompanied by the absence of any vision for an alternative. Even a secret public opinion cannot crystallize in a totalitarian state, since something "public" cannot be "secret." One of those present, a young secretary in a German Academy who toward the end of his Russian captivity had worked as a bricklayer in Moscow, told of his frequent talks with students of Moscow University who had volunteered for this building project.

He insisted that among *these* students not more than a fifth were real Communists while the rest were, more or less, in opposition. They were very divided in their opinions, but the largest single unit were still Czarists. He admitted that even these were influenced by socialist patterns in their economic thinking (though they refused to admit it). The way back from a collective economy to private property and free enterprise seems to be "unimaginable" in the narrowest sense of the term. Socialism thus seems to be the fatal country of no return. The expression "democracy"—as it constantly figures in the Soviet vocabulary, not to mention the "People's Democracies"—was rarely used by the students.

THE meeting ended speculating on the present regime's posthumous censure of Stalin. Again there was general agreement that this was a very cheap and inexpensive concession to certain pressures, that it constituted a clever bid for national

and foreign sympathy—and last, but not least for Tito's support, who hated Stalin while himself remaining loyal to his Communist convictions. Nobody thought that this belated condemnation heralded a real change and all were convinced that it would add to the existing confusion of the weary West where wishful thinking always remains trumps.

Asked whether he considered Bulganin or Khrushchev the brighter of the two, the lecturer smilingly answered that the man who most impressed the German delegation was Malenkov whose real role it was impossible to guess. He was undoubtedly far more intelligent than either Bulganin or Khrush-

chev, but one had to admit, that mere brilliance is as little decisive in a dictatorship as it is in a democracy.

Regardless of whether or not the so-called "collective leadership" would remain or yield again to one-man rule, he said, it is the USSR which retains the initiative in world politics. The West with its government by public opinion can only try desperately to keep up with the coolly planned but swiftly carried out moves of the Red Tyranny. The USSR, curiously enough, is far better equipped to wage a cold war than a hot one when *both* sides can use the element of surprise. It was on this note of sober pessimism that the meeting came to a close.

## *The Last Supper—Leonardo da Vinci*

by RICHARD A. GEORGE

*THIS has withstood the wash of flooding years  
As through a mist where waters pause and fall  
We meet Christ's face hid in a flood of tears  
His dove-like hands that hover over all.  
See out beyond His head the purple bloom  
Of landscape melting into breath of blue,  
And walking there we look into the room,  
Can see the supper set the gathered few.  
The table-hum of talk has ceased as He  
Brushing away small crumbs foretells the sign  
Betrayal in the dish must set Him free,  
They listen half afraid to lift their wine.  
And we who watch have shared this state of grace  
The will of God within the Master's face.*

## *Six Easy and Pleasant Ways to Get Rid of Your Religion*

by HOWARD R. PATCH

ANY thoughtful person in the modern world is bound to observe that religion is not only an impediment to worldly progress but it is also an obstacle to personal happiness. If by some strange chance he has never discovered this fact for himself, perhaps through the annoyance of running up against the many religious hindrances to his every day fun, he is sure nevertheless to receive warnings from many different groups of modern people who have learned how to enjoy untrammelled means of self-expression. Who know how, in a word, selfishly to enjoy themselves.

It is necessary, therefore, when we think of the problems of bringing up our children and as we plan for their welfare in the world of today, to do everything we can to free them from every kind of religious obsession: from the many different varieties of superstition that include such outworn notions as God, divine grace, immortality of the soul, miracles and so-called morality, and—above all—magic in any form such as Sacraments.

PARTICULARLY is all this necessary in the case of Catholics, who seem to be prone to hold the more extravagant forms of idealism and are extremists in this sort. Because of the social stigma quite properly at-

tached to the very thought of Catholicism (a stigma that reveals Catholics as no better than vulgar and ignorant, so that often they must be excluded from high office and from certain clubs), the younger members of this group should early be divested of their mistaken ideas and trained to understand that there is no truth except that which we may submit to scrutiny in our laboratories. Or to put matters differently there is no reality except that which we may touch, taste, or smell.

IT has seemed worth while, accordingly, to devise a new technique for the emancipation of our young people from the folly of illusion, and I therefore suggest a number of methods directed toward this end, whereby religion as such will be exposed for what it is. From this apparatus from the Dark Ages an enlightened generation may now turn with inner comfort and ex-

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If we follow **Howard R. Patch, M.A., Litt.D., Ph.D.**, closely in his irony down the path to perdition, we will surely end up by holding on all the more tightly to the healthy religion of our youth with all its required sacrifice and self-denial. For it still remains true that only he who loses his life shall find it. Dr. Patch, a Fellow of the Medieval Academy of America, is Professor, since 1924, in the Department of English at Smith College, and author of *Cupid on the Stairs* and *The Other World* among other works.

ternal ease to the delights of modern Positivism or even the gayer enchantments of out and out Materialism in all its forms.

**F**IRST on my list, I would suggest as one of my methods for the advancement of an intelligent view of the universe the discreet use of ignorance. Keep yourself or your child in total ignorance of the Catholic religion. This device has worked wonders with many prominent people today. If you know practically nothing about the Bible or the Church or Christian doctrine you will discover you have a mind that is free from all prejudice and completely open to new ideas like agnosticism or atheism.

Consider, for example, the discussion of magic in Susanne Langer's book *Philosophy in a New Key* where she says that a typical form of magic is "the confident, practical use of a formula, a brew, and a rite to achieve a physical effect." Now if one knows nothing about the Catholic Church and little about any religion, one is the readier to think that the observation is quite valid and that it finishes off forever the Mass and its liturgy as an example of a primitive and degraded custom in this fashion.

On the other hand, if one is not ignorant one may remember that a formula or a rite is again and again potent in having a physical effect in human experience, as we learn in our modern study of mental suggestion, psychosomatic illness, or even plain everyday education. Of course one may be led to observe that in such instances the formula passes through the mind of man in effecting the physical change, and in the Mass reaches the Divine mentality.

But the person who knows even a little about the Catholic religion will remember that the rite itself has been imparted to man—theoretically at least—by God Himself, a fact which I am afraid, puts it on a different level from the mechanical processes of what may fairly be classified as magic; and the informed Catholic is likely to suspect that the main trouble with Susanne Langer is that she wants to rule out all supernaturalism including God and miracles and prayer. If then you would enjoy the sense of being one of the emancipated moderns who can absorb Susanne Langer's book and Frazer's *Golden Bough* and all the works of folklorists and anthropologists who would free us from such nonsense, read no Catholic books or treatises at all but turn only to writings of the disillusioned (like Voltaire or Anatole France or any recent skeptic) and they will make you feel how clever you are to swallow all they say.

**M**Y second method for getting rid of religion is to see to it that you embark on a mixed marriage, and that you embark in a very special way. If you try this form of escape you must start off with the idea that in marrying a Protestant or perhaps even an unbeliever you are going to spread the light and effect a conversion. Then it becomes easy, for you think that if you would win your husband (or wife) to become a Catholic it is only fair that you should—at least at the start—go to his Church or read his books or strain every nerve to get "his precious point of view." Love prompts you, does it not, to try to understand his ideas?

And if your beloved is so utterly adorable and yet has always been

a Baptist or perhaps a Jehovah's Witness or maybe a Marxist, why you make the discovery that religion in any form cannot be so important after all. Religious distinctions must be negligible if dear George can be the product—we will say—of an Episcopalian mother and a Unitarian father (neither of whom ever went to church), and yet George is by far the nicest, the very nicest person, you ever knew in your whole life.

And, the first thing you know, what happens?—you are yourself getting "broader"—broader, and broader, and broader—and you find you can drop in on a Presbyterian service, have communion with the Congregationalists, quiver even with good Quakers, and feel never a pang of conscience about it. You discover that the so-called essentials of religion become fewer and fewer, and perhaps you have reached the point where you can admit that all Catholics are "rather bigoted" and that "God is not exactly personal, He is too big for that"—in fact He is "the power outside ourselves that makes for righteousness,"—and eventually "power" can mean little more than energy or even nuclear fission.

And so at last you boast you have a "simple faith"—the kind "a reasonable person can believe." And it carries all the glamor of being—you say—in harmony with modern science and modern thought, and—Oh, unspeakable joy!—you are known at last as somebody who was once a Catholic and has now "outgrown it." Now you may enjoy frequent divorce; and perhaps you will because George is getting stuffy and you are far more advanced than he. So your marriages like your drinks become more and more

mixed as the years go on. The method is extraordinary because it is so entirely painless, and your ego is at last fulfilled by this new type of salvation.

**T**HE same thing is true of the third method I would advocate for throwing off the shackles of religion. Test all your approaches to truth by your feelings. If you feel good when you hear a doctrine or a principle enunciated, decide immediately that it is sound and reliable. If you are displeased or unhappy when somebody explains a theory or a dogma, reject it at once as untenable. Your sensations are an infallible guide and your mind must never be allowed to function in religious matters.

We see the same situation exactly in the field of science, do we not? Thus the modern scientist about to perform a great experiment consults no rules, listens to no counsel from the past, submits to no scientific dogmas. Instead he just follows his feelings as he chooses this piece of apparatus or that, this chemical or that, this process or that.

The surgeon who would remove an appendix from the abdomen or a tumor from the brain says to himself, "Today I do not feel like scrubbing my hands and wearing rubber gloves and gown and mask. I feel that there are no germs. The world is too beautiful for such things, they do not exist. Down with such superstitious ideas. My removal of this appendix, my excision of this tumor, will be performed with a trusting and a childlike simplicity. God does not like complicated ritual, He wants us to act like little children. Let us at all cost be simple."

And so on the basis of feeling you

abandon ritual, you abandon the Church, and you wander happy and free devoid of any intelligent creed or practice. And you talk about the truths behind all creeds, the god that is behind all gods, and you offer real loyalty and obedience to none of them, because—of course—you can always pick up new ones at the bargain counter to match your complexion and your present digestion and your feelings. You find you are nearer to God in the country than in church. And the day comes when you are still nearer to God in bed on Sunday with a breakfast tray and the comics, with Monday far away and the church bells calling only to the neurotic and the immature.

**M**y fourth method for ridding oneself of superstition and the dark hand of a traditional faith has a positive quality, and it is this. Teach yourself to remember that the true and the valuable religion of the ages is religion-without-any-god. It is the service of one's fellow men. This fact is easy to remember and it is delightful to put into practice. Serving one's fellow men need not be a complicated matter. You can resolve it into the simple process of dropping a check in the mail now and then for your favorite charity. Or better than that, simply pity your fellow creatures: feel sorry for them, immensely, devastatingly sorry.

If you can run through some of the current studies of mankind you can observe what pitiable victims they are of a ruthless destiny, and so you can put the blame for their sufferings on heritage, environment, complexes of one sort or another, or inadequate mental or physical endowment. The creed of your new

religion is just this: "Man is the victim of circumstances." The Creator of this world obviously made a number of bad mistakes in creation, and so we spend our lives paying for these cosmic blunders. It is invigorating to discover how much wiser you are than any gods that be, and your duty as well as your privilege is to set the world right by your special scheme—which, of course, in fabric and design must be totalitarian and in efficiency has to be unsparing. Put to death those fellow beings who will not co-operate and even those whose opposition you merely suspect. Purging the party of a million members or so will give you a renewed sense of power, and that, you discover, is your modern form of mysticism.

If the fires of Dachau or Buchenwald, or even the snows of Siberia, seem to suggest that your pity for mankind has a strange expression, you can always turn your compassion on the generations still unborn and pity Mankind in general; Mankind, for whom you dedicate your efforts even while you wipe out the annoying people who get in your way.

**B**UT there is a still pleasanter method for shuffling off the mortal coil of religion and that is the fifth on my list. The thing to do is not to serve other people or pity them, but to have a consuming, heart-rending pity, greater than any ever known before, a pity for yourself. How harsh life has been to you, how ruthless God is after all! Indeed we may go a step further, and say how degraded and unjust are the means that God seems to use to transform us into something better and effect our salvation! The Cross after all has no dignity: it is not



even made of brass, not to speak of gold. It is no better than a gallows and it is not measured to our size. A competent God would have remembered that we are sensitive, and that there are some things we simply cannot stand.

When we consented to be born no one ever told us that life would be like this—where the proud are humbled and yet the meek are not exalted, and where human suffering lays hold on us at just that point where it seems unforgivable. School and college do not prepare us for such experiences. As we grew up we had not supposed that among our friends and acquaintances there would be some who would go so far down the path of misery, indeed some who would die a death of agony, and even some who would make away with themselves.

Each of us perhaps cherishes the thought that we ourselves may escape the big disasters, and I wish I might encourage you in that view. Yet it is a poor preparation for life. I would gladly cheer you on your way and I salute you with admiration and even affection, but—be not mocked! Life will take all the training, muscular and spiritual, you can achieve. You must indeed lose your life that you may find it.

But for those of us who would hope for salvation without the "myths of religion" or the soporifics of the sacramental way, the remedy is easy. Rebel! Put the blame on God! Demand your pleasures in life and break all the moral laws you can remember. Tell the world that only a craven heart will submit to the Church, and mount your high horse with confidence always remembering that you can get the brass ring at the merry-go-round. There are various anodynes

like alcohol or dope for the weaker moments. And it will be quite enough if you pity yourself all along the way, and even in the gutter find you are still the hero of your own story.

But there is one risk in this method which I should mention. If you should slip and if for a moment you happened to have genuine pity for someone else—discovering just for that instant that perhaps other people suffer quite as much as you do—you may get a glimpse of the real Cross, the Cross on which the so-called Saviour died. This unfortunate incident may occur one day when you happen to be talking to a man who has been paralyzed in a large part of his body since childhood and yet his courage shines forth and nearly knocks you over; or you may be talking to a child breathing in an iron lung and see the look in his eyes; or perhaps you may be in the presence of a mother whose child has just died, leaving her desolate; and yet, with the memory fresh in her heart of those last moments when the little life was stilled she accepts her grief and offers it in humility.

And so beyond all this you see that other Cross and its shadow—and its light. This is fatal! It will destroy the method I have recommended to you; for you can pity yourself no more. In fact you had better forget the whole thing. It will be extremely unpleasant and may leave you forever tied to the bonds of religion and Church and creed.

AND so I turn to the sixth method of shaking off one's religion, the pleasantest perhaps and the most efficacious. This is the method of telling yourself you have become



intellectually convinced that the Catholic Church propagates error. Science, you urge, has made it impossible for us to hold such views; the findings of modern psychology, the study of folklore, the laws of physics, the revelations of anthropology, have finished the process long ago started by philosophers from Ockham to Immanuel Kant. Or it is easier just to say that science in general and the scientific habit of mind has done the trick.

Of course you may strike some snags: you may discover that distinguished modern scientists like the late Sherwood Taylor in England and Dr. Stein in this part of the world strangely became converts to the Catholic Church, and a number of great scientists like the Abbot Mendel and Pasteur and Professor Hugh S. Taylor (now Dean of the Graduate School at Princeton) somehow kept their religion. But all you have to do about this is to say, "Well, they're fools, that's all!" and it is astonishing how big you will feel—very much like Jack Horner when he sat in a corner and pulled out his plum.

**I**F you temporarily abandon the principle of ignorance you may run the risk of learning that actually there is nothing whatsoever in the sciences that proves the falsity of any Christian doctrine or banishes all possibility of rational belief in the supernatural. Feelings—if you rely entirely on them—and so-called religious experience may sometimes be at the mercy of psychiatrists. Even some instances of quasi-mysticism may be open to the attacks of a psychologist like the late Dr. Leuba. But this is not to destroy the basis for Catholic doctrine itself, or to cancel the evidence for the

miracles at Lourdes and elsewhere. And a word of warning should be added that when you examine instances of the disillusioned who have lost their religion through science or philosophy you sometimes find out that the lapsed Catholic was really affronted by a less than tactful priest and it was a case of losing not so much his faith as his temper.

You can, however, ignore such disturbing details and enjoy the luster of your audacity in throwing over the Church on grounds the most reputable and most satisfying to your ego. In none of the methods I have described is the real cause for unfaith connected with the apparent means.

**P**EOPLE do not often leave the Catholic Church because of intellectual reasons, or because of pity for other people or pity for oneself, or even because of one's wife's religion or one's husband's, or even from ignorance. They leave because of sin. If you have a healthy religion in your youth and through your life, you will find it difficult to throw off your beliefs.

Therefore if you have children what you must do is to see that they start with no such preoccupations. You must adopt the view that the child must wait for all such training and for the practices of the Church until, as people say, he is "old enough to choose for himself." Then when he is older and knows nothing of the Church or Christian living he can learn to trifle with the question and adopt that pleasing irresponsibility which is so common in the modern world, tasting all the sweets of self-indulgence instead of the Bread of Life, and protecting his own rights against the interests of

other people. For if you do not cultivate an enlightened selfishness as a standard of common sense, who will look out for you? What meaning indeed has life—except that of the healthy animal, which is free to seek its own pleasure and is never bothered with problems of sacrifice; the healthy and realistic animal that may roam through the forest nibbling at the green shoots on the bushes or tearing its prey asunder, glutted to the full with self-expres-

sion. The totalitarian bees with their sting or the individualistic reptiles and beasts are at one in their gorgeous fulfillment of self.

Well may you start with fear if one day you hear your promising boy utter the words "*Introibo ad altare Dei*"; for it means he has set foot upon the path that leads to eternal life. And, poor lad, he may continue further and say, "*Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meum!*"

## Countryman

by STANTON A. COBLENTZ

*WITH firm, unhurrying steps and placid eyes  
He stalks among the fields. Not his to share  
The market's hubbub, and the enterprise  
Of the rushed mill, the wheel-packed thoroughfare.*

*He knows no hastening hand can speed the grass,  
Which sprouts and withers in its own calm day.  
The plum will darken, and the oriole pass  
By laws no man can quicken or delay.*

*Slowly, through gradual months, the apple fills  
With juice and sweetness on the patient tree.  
Slowly the berry crimsons, and the hills  
Turn to a tan-and-emerald tapestry.*

*Slowly the oak ascends, the spring arrives;  
And he who, head to earth, bends low and hears,  
Will know the current carrying leaves and lives  
Throbs to the sure clocked movement of the spheres.*



## The Mission of Catholic Scholarship

by Justus George Lawler

**T**HERE has appeared within the past two years a number of studies on Catholic education which are marked in general by a legitimately critical spirit and by a sincere desire to contribute to the improvement of our scholarship. However, many of these studies unfortunately leave one with the impression that the same criteria that determine judgments on non-Catholic colleges can be applied to our own schools. It seems that we have become so accustomed to denominational colleges of all possible confessions that unknowingly we frequently assume that each sect ought to support schools of its own persuasion in order to safeguard the religious formation of its youth. The absurdity

of this view, which is often seen as one of those indefinitely multiplying ramifications of the "American Way," is patent when applied to the Catholic college which exists not primarily as a moral preservative, but as an instrument for the deeper comprehension of truth—a comprehension that, I will point out later, can be achieved in its fullness *only* by the Catholic scholar.

**I**t is necessary to add here that the Catholic secondary school, as I see it, has not an intellectual, but a moral mission. Given the tensions of adolescence and the confusions of puberty, so well analyzed by James Joyce and Edvard Munch, it seems justifiable to maintain that

the purpose of the high school is not immediately enlightenment of the reason—for the young mind can only be blinded by being exposed too early to the radiance of truth—but moral direction, religious discipline, and affective and emotional guidance; all of these will lead ultimately to that contemplation of truth, goodness, and beauty which can be successfully undertaken only when the passions, as Aristotle said, have been brought under the political direction of the will.

It would be tragic for the secondary school teacher to repeat the pathetic experiment of Baron Friedrich von Hügel, who as a religious philosopher is without peer in the twentieth century, but who as a pedagogue was sadly deficient as is evident in his attempt to introduce his immature daughter to religious and historical truths that her tender emotional complexus could not support. Her consequent spiritual collapse offers a melancholy reminder of the dangers of entering upon the intellectual engagement before the completion of a long and serious moral novitiate. During the course of such a "novitiate," the development of the reason will not be neglected, but the accent will be on moral culture, on the training of instinctual and emotional drives; for in the high school we are, in a certain sense, at what Whitehead called the second level of education: the plane of discipline.

Of course, such a cultivation of the moral powers will entail some intellectual effort, but this effort will not have as its immediate end—from the viewpoint of the teacher—the contemplation of truth for itself; rather it will be concerned—again this is from the instructor's point of view—with the effect of

this contemplative act on the moral improvement of the student.

In accord with Dietrich von Hildebrand's profound analysis of the development of personality it must be emphasized that the end the teacher has in view differs from that of the student; for the latter, in marveling at truth, goodness, or beauty can be concerned not with self-improvement, but purely with the spiritual delight of such activity. Only then will his contemplation have a truly formative effect on his whole personality. This fundamental principle of educational psychology, completely neglected in that arsenal of training manuals inspired by the "teachers colleges," has received a brilliant application in the high school textbook series, *The Christian Impact in English*.

**B**UT while the proper end of the secondary school is the formation of moral character through the contemplative act, the proper end of the Catholic university is the contemplation of truth for its own sake. From Gerbert's defense of philosophy as its own end in the tenth century to Maritain's *Education at the Crossroads*, our educational tradition has envisioned the university as primarily and essentially intellectual.

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The first loyalty of the Catholic scholar, maintains **Justus George Lewler**, is to truth as he sees it, and a deep comprehension of truth, as Mr. Lawler goes on to show, can be achieved in its fullness only by the Catholic scholar. Formerly a member of the faculty of religion at St. John's University, Minnesota, Mr. Lawler joins the faculty of St. Xavier College, Chicago, as Assistant Professor of the Humanities this Fall. He is the author of *The Christian Imagination: Studies in Religious Thought*, and is presently doing research for a book on the Catholic intellectual revival of the past century.

However, to say this is not to say enough, for we are speaking here of the *Catholic* university—and in this case the adjective far from being the enemy of the noun, is actually its leader and friend. For this intellectual function of the Catholic university is fulfilled by a "new man" who has been, as St. Paul says, *re-newed in the spirit of his mind*.

This means that, other things, such as natural talent and academic competence, being equal, the Catholic scholar—the consecrated intelligence in act—will see more deeply, more truly, and more broadly than his non-Catholic colleague. And such insight will not derive primarily from a knowledge of the Christian fact and its theological corollaries, but from an interior illumination of the intelligence. In the deepest sense the Christian scholar, as Père Chenu has said of a Christian philosophy, is "open to Supernatural."

**F**OR this reason it is unfortunate that Cardinal Newman in his *Idea of a University*, which has been the paradigm—at least in theory—for the Catholic college, when he concerned himself with the relation of religion and learning, said so little about the illuminating function of Faith. Just as in his *Correspondence* and in the *Apologia* the great Cardinal viewed the Holy See not primarily as an instrument for the enlightenment and development of Christian teaching, but merely as a curbing force—a *remora* he called it—which preserved against error, so too in the *Idea of a University* he treats theology on the one hand as an inducement to the Good Life, and on the other, as a kind of intellectual prophylactic, rather than as

the *sovereign illuminator* of the "imperial intellect" and the scholars who compose its faculties. He does, of course, in the *Idea*, as in the *University Sermons*, point out the guiding authority of Faith, but one feels that he sees this authority operating in a rather negative fashion.

It would be going too far afield to try to explain this tendency in Newman's thought—though it is possible he was reacting against the dominant fideism of the Menaissian School, which even as an Anglican he had criticized. For the present purpose it suffices to note this phenomenon, and to suggest that its effect is one of the reasons why Catholic educators can sometimes view their work as virtually identical with that of their non-Catholic colleagues. This is a point of view which ultimately leads—as it has in our day particularly among non-Catholics—to the idea of a Catholic university as a confessional agency established for the preservation of morality and for the furtherance of the peculiar beliefs of the sect.

**T**HEY who regard the role of Faith as embracing something more positive than the merely corrective office which Cardinal Newman assigns it will find support for their conviction in Louis Soubigou's *Ames de Lumière* (Paris, 1949). The most important contribution of this plea for a rebirth of the intellectual life among Catholics is the emphasis which the author places on the Sacramental character. This character, or seal, he maintains, affects primarily the intelligence; it is engraved on that faculty in order to confer on it a consecrated nature "in virtue of which its cultural activities are ex-

erised in conjunction with those of Christ."

We have here not only another step in the development of the ancient concept of the *sphragis*, but an attempt to unite this doctrine with the traditional teaching of the French School of spirituality on the contemporaneity of the work of Christ, by which we perform all our actions through the grace obtained for us by Christ when He performed similar actions in His own life.

The implications of this religious principle are fairly staggering when one realizes that Christ acquired knowledge, and as St. Luke teaches (vii, 9), marveled, *thau-masen*, as would a philosopher, at the wonders of the reality he contemplated. And perhaps even more striking is the fact that the word St. Luke uses here—although he uses the same word in other contexts—is the very word by which Plato expresses the beginning and culmination of the contemplative act.

Here we have a unity of classic humanism and divine operation, expressed in the act by which the Son of God philosophizes, that parallels and even surpasses that marvelous blending of Greek thought with Jewish theology in the Wisdom literature of the Old Testament. Such a teaching as that outlined above means for the Catholic scholar that every time he searches and wonders at reality, he does so with an intelligence which has been configured to that of Christ.

**T**HIS emphasis on the Sacramental character in M. Soubigou's thesis seems one of the few genuine efforts to establish an ontological radicalism of the work of the Catholic student. There are, however, a few

clarifications of this teaching that ought to be made if it is to have universal application. Since among the laity the duty of Catholic Action derives primarily from the Sacramental character of Confirmation, there is a danger that the intellectual life—the life of contemplation—may be pursued pragmatically as merely another technique to be used in the apostolate and not as an end in itself, the achievement of which would gradually and organically overflow into action.

Furthermore, the character of Orders, because it is a wholly active power, in contrast to the characters of Baptism and Confirmation, would seem to confer on the priest a greater aptitude for the life of contemplation than on the layman; though this latter point would illustrate why the bishop—who possesses the fullness of the Sacrament of Orders—is the *only* teacher of the Church. Nevertheless, even considering these minor difficulties in the thesis which need to be resolved, it remains the finest explanation of the unique nature of the Catholic intellectual, and the key to a true conception of his mission.

**B**ECAUSE the Catholic scholar has received this illumination of Christian Wisdom, it would be a serious error to envision his role as that of inquisitor to the universe or *defensor fidei*; his first loyalty is to truth as he sees it. He must, then, avoid the two extremities of an excessive reliance on dogmatic principles and a prideful contempt for the sincere efforts of non-Christian thinkers. And these extremities must be avoided not out of any sense of superiority, but rather out of the sincerest humility by one who realizes that he carries a heavier



burden and has therefore a deeper responsibility to the truth.

Such a responsibility is the antithesis of that narrow bias one recognizes in certain works of twenty-five years ago dedicated to proving—almost *a priori*—such things as the Catholicism of Shakespeare or the poetic pre-eminence of Joyce Kilmer. Such displays of sectarian loyalty often offend truth and good judgment, and by their frequent recurrence lead one to applaud Abbé Bremond's characterization of yet another anthology of "Catholic Poetry" as "a dismal cemetery where I have counted five hundred tombs."

**A** SIMILAR perversion of the notion of the consecrated intelligence was displayed in a number of articles which appeared at the time of the Goethe bicentennial a few years ago; these essays make it only too obvious that there is among some American Catholics a strangely un-Christian tendency to hurl violent anathemas at thinkers of different world-views.

Fortunately at the time of the bicentennial there were the efforts of Father Edmund Walsh, S.J., George N. Shuster, and a few other scholars to counteract such prejudice. Because the problems raised by such genius as that of Goethe are typical of those faced by the student when examining any alien philosophy, it will be profitable to consider this critical attitude more fully.

**ALTHOUGH** ostensibly guided by Christian principles, and motivated presumably by the best of intentions, it seems to me that the victims of this critical bias are guilty of two errors of judgment. First, they equate the philosophical assump-

tions negatively supported by the Church with the spirit of Christianity, forgetting that it is always dangerous to equate a system with an organic composition.

And in the second place, these critics overlook the reality of grace. It may seem contradictory to accuse such writers of a deeply Christian purpose of ignoring grace, yet it is undeniable upon examination that this is a common occurrence. For Goethe—or for that matter, Emerson, Valéry, George Eliot, or Thomas Mann—could not have proffered a totally adequate solution to the mysteries of man and nature; he simply lacked the necessary equipment. Though remarkably gifted by nature, he nevertheless had not received the highest Gift: the illumination of Christian Wisdom—and for this he has been pilloried and decried by critics who with all their verbal vigor seem themselves to have lost sight of the implications of their theology.

**A** SIMILAR restraint is imposed on the Catholic scholar even when it is a question of analyzing works which are maliciously inimical to Christianity. Rather than violently censuring such studies, as if by heaping abuse on them we could obviate their force, we should welcome them as providing an opportunity to set forth our vision in all its clarity. Moreover, when we assault with empty tirades the position of our opponents—even our prejudiced opponents—we create among objective and sincere scholars the impression that we are substituting blind emotion for wisdom, and trying to disguise our incompetence in rhetorical bluster.

Far more consonant with his mission would it be for the Catholic



student to animate himself with that passion for truth which led Lord Acton to see in the attacks of Strauss, Bauer, and Renan a providential instrument for bringing Catholicism to examine its historical conscience and to develop its teaching more fully. A truly brilliant example of this creative critical attitude in our own time is Père de Lubac's study of one of the most frankly virulent anti-theists of the last century, Pierre Joseph Proudhon.

I HAVE discussed above the attitude of the Catholic student, first, to what Goethe himself called *der grosse Heide*, that is, the invincibly ignorant, magnanimous non-Christian; second, to the non-Christian thinker who through culpable blindness and prejudice in support of pre-conceived theories attacks the Catholic ideal. It is necessary now to turn our attention to a consideration of the Christian attitude toward the delicate situation raised by apostasy. Here, too, one must guard oneself against invoking the clichés of dogmatism or the coldly objective simplifications of certain catechetical works.

The recent studies on Luther by Congar, Lortz, and Karl Adam, with their correction of traditional prejudices, should indicate how difficult it is for man to assume the prerogative of "searching the reins and the heart," and furthermore should suggest the imprudence—and the injustice—of trotting out without sufficient documentation the customary accusations of pride and ambition and duplicity to explain away every defection from the Faith.

When Fernand Hayward, writing of the Vatican Council, says of Dr.

Döllinger: "The leader of the opposition in Germany was a university professor of great learning, but also of excessive pride," does one not immediately mistrust the judgment which with its facile handbook phrases seems to absolve the author from all historical seriousness? When he goes on to state—and contradicts, the word of Pius IX in so doing—that Döllinger's opposition to the Council resulted from disappointment at not being invited, one is tempted to cry out with Newman to Kingsley, "Why man, you are writing a romance!"

Or when the apostasy of De Lammennais (whose simplicity of character is attested to by the analytic judgment of Disraeli) as well as that of Tyrrell is summarily dismissed as the result of pride and duplicity, are we not in great danger of abdicating critical intelligence in the name of a spurious theological assumption? Neither dogmatic bias—as evidenced in the examples above, nor a false liberalism—as apparent in certain attempts to exonerate Loisy—can govern the determination of such issues. Only an absolute fidelity to historical truth, as seen in the light of Christian Wisdom by a scholar who understands the profound principles of theology, can be one's guide.

THAT spiritual arrogance which rightly or wrongly Gide attributed to Claudel seems to have afflicted Catholic philosophers even more seriously than scholars in other fields. There are two reasons for this: one philosophical and the other historical. First, because Scholastic philosophy—as M. Gilson emphasized five years ago in an address before the International Congress of Scholastic Philosophers—

is an outgrowth of theology, it is to be expected that some of the certitude of religious doctrine will carry over to philosophical assumptions. When this influence reaches the proportions of the following statement, in what purported to be a serious work, we are touching upon the historical reasons for such a phenomenon. In *The Philosophy of the Bible*—a title in itself illustrative of the confusion between the two sciences—published in 1876, the Archbishop of Halifax wrote: "Philosophic quacks, such as Hegel, Kant, Darwin, and *id genus omne* . . . Spinoza who gave such a proof of mental aberration that a school-boy who would be guilty of similar contradictions, would most surely be doomed to lose his first holiday. . . ."

The historical reason for such arrogant vehemence is that in the nineteenth century that last infirmity of the noble mind—symbolized in Turgenev's Bazarov and Dostoevski's Stavrogin—reached epidemic proportions, and when this pride, taking the form of omniscient prophetism in Spencer, Comte, Feuerbach and others, was encountered by the Scholastic philosophers, they reacted—and this is certainly understandable—as did Pius IX when the secular arm of nineteenth century thought captured Rome: they walled themselves within the Scholastic castle, appearing only to hurl vitriolic denunciations at modern thought. (From this point of view the commission given by Leo XIII to Msgr. Mercier has a historical significance comparable to that of the Vatican Treaty of 1929.)

This self-immurement led to an even greater reliance on Revelation and to an overwhelming contempt for modern philosophic undertak-

ings. The spirit of reaction—understandable in its genesis, but inexcusable in its extension—reflected in the Jesuit Lorenzelli's classification of all philosophy since the seventeenth century as corrupt, and in Cornoldi's characterization of all modern thought as "the pathology of human reason," ultimately was responsible for smothering the sacred habitus which should have endowed the Catholic scholar with a truer view of reality.

Rarely are philosophers subjected so thoroughly to the relentless logic of their own canonized maxims: *corruptio optimi pessima* is the only heading for this sad chapter of intellectual history. Furthermore, it was this same pride—blind to the significance of the experiments of Saint-Simon, Fourier, and even Marx—which engendered the "scandal of the nineteenth century" and that mockery of religious instruction excoriated by Bloy in a typical passage as ". . . that pretense at religious education which shadowy likenesses of priests, stuffed with formulas, wring like seminary linen over young and uninterested brows."

I NEED not apologize for taking so much space to explain the abuses of the doctrinal principle of the consecrated intelligence, for often the best way of determining what a thing is, is to show what it is not. However, I would like to mention, even at the risk of being misinterpreted, three individual studies which seem to me to reflect the radiant influence of Christian Wisdom. In the Lowell Lectures on Dante by Gerald Walsh, S.J., in Theodore Haecker's *Vergil, Father of the West*, and in Immanuel Mounier's works on Personalism, I find a level

of Christian understanding, dependent, certainly, on theological theses, but in its totality rooted in a comprehensive insight explicable only as the fruit of the Gifts of Wisdom, Knowledge, and Understanding residing in the consecrated intelligence. Other illustrations of this insight may come to mind, but I have intentionally confined myself here to these three men who, while our contemporaries, are no longer living.

Perhaps to mention particular persons is to court misunderstand-

ing, because it is frequently difficult to determine the line—if there is one—between what derives from natural talent and what from Faith. Moreover, it cannot be emphasized too much that this illuminating Wisdom is evident not primarily in the resolution and understanding of specific problems and cases, but in the ethos of one's whole intellectual life where Faith will manifest itself as a kind of inner climate, as a profound interior movement creating a totally new relation of the subject to the object.

## *The Cattle of the Sun*

by DEBORAH WEBSTER

*SEE the cattle of the Sun,  
Helios Hyperion,  
Deep in dew, a silver blaze  
Their aureole outline as they graze.*

*O charioteer, yield up your sun  
To another Phaeton:  
The cattle on a thousand hills  
Are his, and all your silver bulls.*

*The occident splendor of your horses  
Will not suffice his passionate courses,  
Who when he falls must leap at will  
The arc from Heaven to harrow hell.*

*So pure a morning and such dew,  
Helios, were never caused by you,  
Who, with all your orient flame,  
From such a bargain never came.*

# The Muse and the Myth

by THEODORE MAYNARD

IN what are likely to be somewhat random thoughts regarding the writing of history, I should perhaps begin by saying that, though Clio the Muse of History, may often find the essential truth in legends or tradition rather than in documents, the "myth" that I am thinking of at the moment is the myth of what is described as "scientific" history. This of course is not a denial of its existence, in the sense that history contains a scientific element, or of the great value of that element; I should merely be understood as making a mild protest against the pretensions that often occur, and the counting of the work of so-called "literary" historians as worth no consideration. The question of novelized history does not enter the question, for I do not concede the right of the novelist or dramatist to invent, even in minor matters, to suit himself. All fabrication should be avoided; but imagination—by which I mean insight—is needed to infuse life into the bare record.

THE formula of "No documents, no history" is one that I would not quarrel with, so long as it is properly grasped. The mere collection of documents is no more than the raw material from which the finished article can be made, and documents embedded in a commentary are as a rule not much better. A good deal more than documents are

needed, however important they may be.

LIKE most people I do not always agree with Simone Weil, but I commend this passage from the *Need for Roots*: "When dealing with documents it is necessary to read between the lines, allow oneself to be transported entirely, with a complete forgetfulness of self, into the atmosphere of the events recalled, keep the attention fixed for a very long time on any little significant details and discover what their full meaning is.

"But the respect for documents and the professional spirit of historians do not incline their minds toward this type of exercise. What is called the historical spirit doesn't pierce through the paper to discover real flesh and blood; it consists in a subordination of the mind to documents.

"Now according to the nature of things, documents originated among

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The point made by Theodore Maynard that history is more important than historiography, and that writing that is vivid and, in the right sense, interpretive, is more valuable than the so-called scholarly method, may be contradicted, but it is a safe guess that many readers will be in complete accord with Dr. Maynard. To him, imagination—by which he means insight—is needed to infuse life into the bare record, and the popularity of his own writings proves his contention. His latest book, *St. Ignatius and the Jesuits* is fresh off the press.

the powerful ones, the conquerors. History, therefore, is nothing but a compilation of the depositions made by assassins with respect to their victims and themselves."

Now though those last two sentences may be extreme, and though in the end it may be true, as Lord Acton said, that the historian is able to summon all men and events before him for judgment, it sometimes happens that the reversal of the accepted version of an episode is so difficult as to be well-nigh impossible. For example, it would be very hard to overturn the notion that it was Richard III who murdered the two Princes, his nephews, in the Tower. For that account of the matter has been popularized by Shakespeare and largely rests upon what so honest a man as Sir Thomas More wrote in his life of the wicked king. Yet though More in the days when he was a page to Archbishop Morton, an out-and-out adherent of Henry VII's, may have heard the Archbishop talk about this—and may even have reworked a manuscript left by Morton—about all that he contributed from his personal knowledge is a scrap of conversation he overheard as a child of five, and that is far from conclusive.

Perhaps it was More's suspicion that the evidence was not quite satisfactory that led him to leave both the English and Latin versions of his *Richard III* unfinished. Moreover, writing when he did, he may well have considered it highly injudicious so much as to hint that the future Henry VII would have found it much to his advantage to get rid of little Edward V and his brother. By now it is almost out of the question to get people to believe

that anybody but Richard III could have murdered the two Princes.

More's book has as its central theme the fickleness of fortune, as exemplified by Edward IV and his mistress Jane Shore, whom Morton had known when she was young and beautiful but whom More had seen "old, lean, withered and dried up, nothing left but skin and hard bone." Lord Hastings is also used as an illustration, as Richard III himself would have been used had More carried his work to its close. Yet thanks to More—and still more to Shakespeare who drew upon him—Richard III's guilt as a murderer seems to be impregably established.

SIR THOMAS MORE's thesis of the fickleness of fortune, so far from being startling would be very commonplace, except for the way in which it is expounded; even so it is hardly striking enough to fill the imagination. On the other hand, a point of view consistently advanced throughout a large body of work makes, for a while, a strong impression, even though it may be eventually discarded. Van Wyck Brooks says somewhere, "Have a point of view, and all history will back you up"—by which I take it he means that one who does have a point of view will find confirmation everywhere, and (if he is plausible enough) gain adherents, even if he is unable to hold them permanently.

Particularly is this true of the historian; thus Lord Macaulay certainly had his own point of view, though it is one now generally in disrepute. His power of writing remains, which is why he is still read with pleasure, but Lytton Strachey has to call him the Philistine who

reached Parnassus. As for Macaulay's point of view, Strachey goes on to say that it is "distinct enough, but is without distinction"—a remark which I would amend to represent Macaulay as much too much of a partisan—and a rather vulgar one at that—to be relied upon.

Points of view, I am afraid, do not really count for a great deal—not in the long run. This is now so fully recognized that most historians are afraid of adopting too definite a position, though we have seen what attention may be attracted by a vigorously advanced thesis in the cases of a Spengler, a Toynbee, or even a Beard. Many of their contemporaries probably announce their strict impartiality because they are unoriginal and wish to play safe, being colorless and dull they may hope for academic esteem.

**F**URTHERMORE they are easily able to hide their shortcomings under scientific pretensions. Though I am not suggesting that science does not enter into the writing of history, it is by no means the whole—or perhaps not even the chief part—of the matter; in short, history is more important than historiography, and the writing that is vivid and (in the right sense) interpretive is more valuable than the so-called scholarly method, the ponderous paraphernalia which can be more in evidence than anything else. Nobody is going to refuse the name of historian to Herodotus or Thucydides or Tacitus because their archival resources were meager.

Nor was the Venerable Bede in much better plight, yet from him we obtain complete conviction, as we do also from the account of his

death given by his young disciple Cuthbert. This conviction is given not because Bede was able to say that he had consulted all the available authorities—which were few—and had submitted his manuscript to the careful reading of those in a position to correct any errors that it might contain, but because of his work's evident honesty—something quite luminous. Naturally the pagination of sources could not be supplied, nor does it matter; truth authenticates itself, and however skillfully a writer may explore and exploit his own inner consciousness, he sooner or later arouses our doubts, as Bede never does.

**T**HIS brings us to the question as to whether what purports to be historical fact is to be judged solely on the basis of the support it derives from reliable documents. At the other extreme from the ancients, many people of our own time actually believe that this or that thing is to be accepted by them on the ground that they have seen it in print; and of all things newspapers are taken as a guide! Yet to do that is to exhibit the most slavish sort of superstition, checked only by the circumstance that such information can be challenged and anything insecurely based quickly disposed of.

All but the most naive know that newspapers, except the best of them (and not a few books), are primarily concerned with the startling, and that radio and television are used as propaganda (especially in countries where anything to the contrary can be excluded) so as to create whatever opinions the ruling clique wish. As we all know, this happened in Nazi Germany until the fall of Hitler, and happened in Russia until, with the death of Stalin,



a new gang entered into control. In each instance millions believed barefaced propaganda as gospel truth, and in Russia this still goes on, for the new masters remain in command of all the instruments of disseminating whatever myth they choose to invent, though they now find themselves in the embarrassing position of destroying the popularly received legend and of being obliged, by the same devices, artificially to propagate a new one. The logic of more intelligent minds leads inevitably to the asking of very awkward questions. As a whole history has to be scrapped overnight and a different ethos concocted, what success can now be obtained must be rather doubtful.

Even in a relatively free society, with a higher standard of education, people are still somewhat at the mercy of propaganda. However, there a healthy skepticism operates, and many are accustomed to discount propaganda, which already is received with suspicion. The terms "myth" and "legend" are hardly accurately defined by the dictionary as belonging to the shadowy past. If they arose in antiquity, this was not by deliberate contrivance but because they drew their force from the beauty clothing them, and because they came about naturally—and very slowly—among social groups already conditioned for them.

**Y**ET myths and legends of this type are not all to be thrown overboard just because of the lack of external corroboration. Even what we must regard as largely mythical may contain much that has some—though an uncertain—degree of factual basis. There are of course still some old-fashioned skeptics, such as my

delightful friend H. L. Mencken (now deceased), who would sweep away all religion—including Christianity—as being beautiful indeed, but quite "unscientific."

That such men acknowledge the beauty is no doubt something but is not nearly enough. Our faith is not on an equality with the myths of classical antiquity, in which Christians, without accepting them literally, find a good deal that may be learned, if only as a faint adumbration—and now and then as a confirmation—of divine Revelation. *Teste David cum Sibylla*, is the affirmation of the great hymn in the Requiem Mass and in a similar sense we may hold with John Keats, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," even while we go far beyond the insight of the poet.

If it comes to that, the archaeological excavations of recent times show that Homer, for instance, was not simply manufacturing his stories fancifully but that he had a substratum of truth to work upon, however much myth-makers may have embroidered upon his material.

**I**N somewhat the same way not all the legends of the saints are to be literally accepted, though, even when we have reason to doubt we would be wise not too drastically to reject.

It was for this reason that Chesterton addressed his poem, "The Myth of Arthur" to a "learned man who never learned to learn." Precisely how much historical fact there is in this myth need not now concern us, except to remark that those who are really learned are more and more coming to allow that Arthur is a good deal more than a myth. It is perhaps enough

to conclude with Chesterton's re-proof of the learned man he had in mind,

*"Take comfort; rest — there needs  
not this ado,  
You shall not be a Myth, I promise  
you."*

**T**HE point is that tradition, however much embellished, often contains more fundamental truth than many a yellowing parchment and that, if we investigate tradition with such documents and monuments as we can discover, we are likely to come upon facts that will surprise us. We are perfectly free to demand proofs and the Christian creed has no fear of scientific tests, though we also hold with St. Paul that "faith is the evidence of things not seen" or apply the distinctions St. Thomas Aquinas drew among the various modes of knowledge. It will be remembered that he described science as what we believe—what indeed we *must* believe—after demonstration; opinion (which may be firmly held) as what we believe without demonstration, and therefore are prepared to admit that its opposite may be true; but that faith is what we believe without demonstration, but without being prepared to admit that its opposite can possibly be true.

But I do not wish to entangle myself in such considerations; all that I am attempting is to suggest that we must avoid putting the whole of our confidence in documents or the scientific techniques of historiography. Methodologic tests may be legitimately applied, but should be used with due humility. Moreover, a humble caution should also be utilized, for by this we will be preserved against narrowness and

aridity, as we shall also be saved from making many mistakes.

**W**HAT I have it in mind to affirm is that too slavish a trust in methods that claim to be scientific—even when that trust is securely based—is all too likely to induce in the historian (both in matters that are secular as well as those that approach the deeps of religion) a dry and bleak mode of presenting his findings. This is undoubtedly why so much historical writing of the "thesis" sort concerns itself more and more with questions of relatively slight importance, spending upon it efforts that might be far more profitably employed, and why history, when it is neglected as an art, can be so deadly dull.

Research is of course indispensable, but often mainly as a corrective. It should never exclude imaginative insights or be allowed to ruin the literary style that alone can make the subject live. Clio is after all a Muse, something that most scientific historians forget. Let them remember Michelet's dictum that all history is a resurrection from the dead.

An illustration might be of some use, even though, like most illustrations, it cannot be considered as other than imperfect. Denis the hangman in Dickens' *Barnaby Rudge* vastly enjoyed his "turning off" of the condemned and regarded himself as something of an artist, crude as were the means at his disposal. But I understand that Pierrepoint, the present official hangman in England, who can use greatly improved methods, does not merely make an exact calculation of the weight of his victim and the length of the drop and the strength of the rope—all to be carefully measured

lest he decapitate the victim — but maintains that it is even more necessary that a hangman should have the right "touch" and a feeling for his occupation as an art. Surely it is equally true that a good historian should be artistic as well as scientific.

**F**INALLY, it should be said that a good historian ought to avoid the arrogance that often goes with too "professional" a spirit and, without neglecting scientific method, strive to make his writing vivid and beautiful. Carlyle was forever girding at "Dryasdust," the historian of his abhorrence; yet Dryasdust is still with us. It need hardly be said that no charge of arrogance can be brought against the best practitioners among historians, for it is axiomatic that the more a man knows, the more he is aware how little is his knowledge. Humility and learning may be observed to be in exact ratio in any department of human activity.

Unfortunately those who pick up only a scholarly method — something not too difficult to master, and

almost by rule-of-thumb—are just the ones most addicted to giving themselves airs on this account, and who have a propensity to scorn those who have caught a glimpse of the Muse of History, and who may have a wider range of knowledge than themselves, not to mention an incomparably greater skill with the pen.

Especially is this an enormous pity in the case of some Catholic historians of the type alluded to, a defect perhaps to be accounted for by the fact that in America they are too new in the field to be adequately inoculated against Abracadabra and Shibboleth. While we should be grateful for the spade-work that some of them have done, we may be permitted to hope that they, when more mellowed by general culture—or at least those who come after them—will better perform the work awaiting the Catholic historian.

Indeed we may safely count upon this in view of the immense improvement that has occurred during the past thirty years in other areas of Catholic intellectual life.



# the ANTI-ITALIAN McCARRAN ACT



by John J. Navone, S.J.

"ITALY's greatest export? Why *bambini* of course!" This humorous reply once greeted the question of my American tourist friend in Italy. However, to hundreds of thousands of unemployed Italians, overpopulation is far from funny.

Why emigrate? A friend's description of his train ride from Bologna to Rome gives the answer: "When dawn broke, we were three hours north of Rome, around Arezzo. More forbidding country you have never seen, though they tell me it does exist in Southern Italy and Spain. Everything you lay your eyes on is poor—the people, the hovels, the livestock, the farms (if you can call them such). Even the earth seems tired of existing. How those people manage to eke out an existence from the worn-

out soil between the rocks is a mystery. Every hilltop is crowned with ancient decrepit towns. Poverty is embedded everywhere and hope seems a long way off."

My Florentine cousin's story was the same. Last December, when three civil service positions were open in Florence, 5,000 applicants queued up for the civil service exams. Thousands of Italian youth seriously overcrowd the universities, pursuing an academic life for years—merely to keep off the streets.

**T**HE effects are obvious. The intense Italian affection for the home and family, though still strong, shows signs of decrease. From the results of an inquiry conducted among thousands of Italian women by Prof. Luzzato Pegiz of the Doxa Institute, Milan, one can see this decline in the religious and social structure of the family. Among the causes mentioned are infidelity, lack of moral preparation for marriage, and birth control. The present birth rate is lower than before the War. In 1936 the birth rate was about 23.3 per 1,000 population and today it is near 17.6.

*Realta Sociale D'Oggi*, publishing the results of a recent Parliamentary inquest, revealed that an average of 35% of the lower classes attend Sunday Mass, whereas 60% of the middle and upper classes regularly attend. These facts graphically corroborate the Papal pronouncement that men must be able to live as men before they can be expected to live as Christians.

While people in the United States are encouraged by the bright side of the Italian situation—the agrarian reform in Southern Italy—they must not fail to consider the

large pools of unemployment which are still everywhere in Southern Italy. There are many areas untouched by the agrarian reforms. But the extension of the agrarian reform and the new industrial development will not solve Italy's overpopulation problems. People will refer to the 300 families who have received parcels of land, and to those employed in new industries; but what of the 2,000 people in a town of 15,000 for whom there is no employment, and the 2,000 who are employed less than 6 months a year?

Italians are very sensitive to the situation. Argentina, Australia, Canada, Brazil and Venezuela have generously assisted them in providing outlets for the surplus population, but the United States has called for a closing of applications for visas under the Refugee Relief Act. Emigration is still a necessity for the Southern Italian economy.

All these social and economic troubles, added up, are grist for the political mills of both Communists and Fascists. The Fascist leaders Marsanich and Borghese, encouraging the discontent, urged Italians to vote both anti-Communist and anti-Christian Democrat by electing Fascists to office in the Italian national elections last May. Colonies for Italy stood high on the list of Fascist demands. As their price for co-operating with the U. S. and its allies in a defensive alliance against Russia, they demanded the return of Italy's African colonies. To landless or unemployed Italians, the

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idea of getting their own farms in Africa still has a real appeal. This appeal would be negated by a more positive American immigration policy.

It should not be forgotten that in the last national elections (1952) the Fascists and their monarchist cronies made the largest gains of any coalition, captured Naples (Italy's third city), Bari, Foggia, Salerno, 12 out of 31 southern provincial councils and 21% of the total southern Italian vote—and emerged as the third party in Italy.

They had picked up votes from the disillusioned and impatient who abound in Italy's uneven economy. To these unhappy Italians they sold nostalgia, a promise to resurrect the old days when Italy strutted before the world as a first-class power, when decisions were made for, not by, the people, and when the *Duce* took care of everyone. Most important of all, the M.S.I. won backing from among the same group that financed Mussolini's rise—rich landowners and industrialists who fear even the mild Christian Democrat reforms and want insurance against change.

The American policy of discriminatory immigration laws is always capitalized on by the Leftist parties. If a free or liberal immigration policy were pursued by the United States the economic pressures caused by overpopulation and unemployment would be greatly ameliorated and consequently the Communists would lose much of their support. These problems are far too great for Italy alone to solve.

**T**HE Italian government has done its utmost to relieve the overpopulation-unemployment problem by entering into bilateral agreements

with Latin American countries. Many Italians have emigrated under "controlled emigration" schemes planned and financially supported by the Italian government. Yet, despite Italy's best efforts, the problem persists, for those who are the most poverty stricken cannot emigrate because of their inability to pay the transportation costs. Consequently, the poor are always with her.

Red tape also prevents much Italian emigration. Formalities which must be settled before embarkation are often too expensive for any but the well-to-do. Italian villagers must appear before officials whose offices are at great distances. The result is tragic. Because of the villager's inexperience with the complexities of modern bureaucracy, he frequently falls prey to unscrupulous adventurers or abandons the attempt.

Though two of postwar Italy's greatest achievements have been the overthrow of Fascism and the successful rebuff of Communism, nevertheless these forces are still a potent threat. The failure of Italian Democracy to solve these problems will destroy it. The Italian situation shows that even a nation with the ideal forms of democratic government may succumb to eventual ruin unless modifying economic and material conditions are adequate for the survival of these forms.

**A**LTHOUGH democratic Italy has done much on its own territory to remedy the overpopulation-unemployment problem, the ultimate solution rests in other hands. Unfortunately, territories with great labor-power are not always those with sufficient industrial resources to employ this man power.

If some 7,000,000 Americans—



or ten per cent of the labor force—were regularly without work or hope of finding it, they undoubtedly would be forced to consider emigration. This is exactly Italy's problem. More than ten per cent of its "active population," or labor force, has been unemployed for more than three years, despite the billions spent to develop jobs and spread the work.

**L**OOKING to the future, Deputy Director General of Emigration Franco Bounous sees 1,900,000 newcomers entering the labor market in the next ten years at the present rate of entry. Yet Italian officials foresee the prospect of no more than 1,000,000 new jobs in that period. Thus, counting the 2 million for whom there are no jobs now, Mr. Bounous estimates that at the end of the next ten years, Italy would still have 2.9 million unemployed. Italian officials believe it will be possible to work off this backlog in the next ten years provided that between 2.5 or 3, million persons can emigrate over that period.

In 1950 the Italian government presented an estimate to the International Labor Office that 1.5 million persons were available for immediate emigration in family groups. This figure included workers and their dependents and would have been raised by 2 million if an opportunity to emigrate had been given to persons who were unemployed.

What have other nations done to help? *Italian Affairs* for November, 1955 reported that other nations, between the years 1946 to 1954 have received 1.2 million permanent Italian settlers. The United States received only one-twelfth. In the

light of the foregoing facts, this has not been enough.

**R**EALIZING the inadequacy of the United States immigration policy, a Senate subcommittee under Senator Kilgore of West Virginia held hearings last December on the present policy as found in the McCarran-Walter Act. Senator Lehman of New York, the foremost proponent of more liberal immigration, denounced the present Act. Victor Reuther of the CIO pointed out that the quota system now in effect favors Great Britain and Ireland which do not complete their quotas, while it unjustly discriminates against the surplus man power of Italy and Greece.

At the same hearing other distinguished Americans urged a more just balance of quotas. Senator Clifford P. Case of New Jersey, the Rev. Dr. Eugene Blake, president of the National Council of the Churches of Christ, Father William Gibbons, S.J., and Senator John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts all advocated measures which make it possible for thousands of Italians to find better lives on American shores. However, there is little real hope that anything can come of it at all. All realize how hard it is to interest Americans in changing their immigration policies.

**T**HE frustration of such efforts for a change in policy helped me to understand why one Italian wrote, "America is our dream." Because of the McCarran-Walter Act it is impossible for America to be more than a dream for those Italians who look to our shores for a new life. This Act, more than psychological adjustment problems, explains why most Italians go and must go to

Latin countries. A recent popular Italian survey revealed that sixty per cent of the Italians prefer Americans to all other foreigners. Ironically this is a one-sided love affair.

It is also ironical that the nation which leads the free world should deny freedom of migration to its free allies. Italians are good enough to work for us in a common defense; they are not good enough to live with us. Failure to provide for Italian immigration represents a failure to provide a positive program against Communism. John Foster Dulles, in *War or Peace* scored such a lack of positive thinking and planning:

"We can talk eloquently about liberty and freedom, and about hu-

man rights and fundamental freedoms, and about the dignity and worth of the human personality; but most of our vocabulary derives from a period when our society was individualistic. . . . There is no use having more and louder Voices of America unless we have something to say that is more persuasive than anything yet said."

Many Italians want to come to America to escape the predetermining poverty of their Italian environment. America offers them the best opportunity of becoming their better selves because it offers them the freedom in which their personal dignity and greatness may be realized. America offers them a chance to live.

## *Song in the Air*

by MARY KENNEDY

*COME follow,  
Come follow me  
all the way.  
Silence will hold you,  
You will be shown  
where the moment waits.  
You may not carry thoughts  
nor pleasures, nor heavy gold.  
Come swiftly into the dark  
and cold.  
You will find light later,  
love greater  
than you have known.  
Forsaking all, follow . . .  
Come alone.*

## A Last-Century Liberal:

### Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

by M. WHITCOMB HESS

THE volume of Matthew Arnold's *Essays* in the 1906 Everyman's Library edition (with its brilliant Introduction by G. K. Chesterton showing Arnold's very superciliousness as a corrective to British pride) contains one titled "Heinrich Heine" which first appeared in *Cornhill Magazine*, August, 1863. In the mid-twentieth century this sketch is even more enlightening: for surely the essayist's ideas had been formed by Heine — ideas that powerfully influenced western history in the past one hundred years as they were taken for granted by many other cultural leaders besides Matthew Arnold. The British critic obviously held axiomatic all that Heine had written about national types.

Chesterton is right, of course, in commending Arnold for the "cold humility" which permitted his indictment of English philistinism in this essay and in others of the volume; but Arnold, not stopping with his contempt for the smug provincialism of the Britons, goes the whole way Heine had gone as he extols German and French types — above all, the German. Heine envisioned a marriage of German culture and French practicality that would transcend and dissipate narrow European nationalisms.

So, with Heine, Arnold advocates the joining of Germany's "vast mine

of ideas" and spiritual depth (*Gemüt*) with France's practical enthusiasm (*esprit*) for applying these ideas. If German culture seemed to Arnold "signally and splendidly European"; and if he was convinced that the union of that culture with the French spirit of practicality was indicated in order to protect last-century Europe from the British Philistines, the Teutomans, the French imperialists — all those nationalists of England, Germany and France respectively, whose pretensions Heine was always deriding—it is easy to trace the source of his convictions. Even though Arnold hardly admired Heine, the man, he had accepted his estimates of the Europeans as if they were incontrovertible facts.

THAT on his deathbed, the German poet-journalist repented bitterly of his earlier faith in German rationalism (which he had been taught by the great Hegel as final) was unmarked by Arnold as it has con-

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Marking the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Heinrich Heine, M. Whitcomb Hess notes the poet-journalist's recantation of his early faith in German rationalism as personified in Friedrich Hegel. Both Heine and Kierkegaard, the Danish philosopher, as Mrs. Hess points out, saw Hegelianism as the mother of awful future developments and both have been proved completely right.

tinued to go unmarked by Heine readers generally. No wonder! Along with his loathing of rabid nationalism he had proclaimed throughout his career as a newspaperman in Paris—a career lasting twenty-five years—the basic superiority of German culture. This was the fatal idea that took root. Houston Stewart Chamberlain's *Foundations of the Nineteenth Century* (1899) only declared what Heine had long before popularized: the German as civilization's unique hope.

Just two years after Heine's death, when Henry Adams went to the University of Berlin, he found everyone avidly reading him. "The derisive Jew laughter of Heine," Adams writes of his student days in Germany in the *Education*, "ran through the university and everything else in Berlin." It also ran throughout the nation and all the rest of Europe during the second half of the nineteenth century; for Heine was an accomplished derider indeed. If his poetic genius (and he still holds first rank as a lyricist) gave his national-type judgments a greater public than they otherwise would have had, his poems, in turn, were read in the light of their author's fame as a master of sardonic humor.

**H**EINE'S genius for caricature and his readers' willingness to join with him in his mocking laughter (whether at the English as machine-loving automatons, the French as congenitally spirited and resourceful, the Germans as meditative, *gemütlich*, and noble generally in spite of their native barbarisms) broadcast his prejudices far and wide.

According to Dr. John A. Hess,

author of *Heine's Views of German Trails* (1929), the poet-journalist was not so much a prophet of the future as an omen of it. Indubitably the world wars of which Heine warned his readers over and over were in part instigated by his fellow-Germans' and other Europeans' acceptance of the myth of German inherent-greatness, applied wittily by the poet himself as he wrote his tongue-in-cheek appraisals of contemporary Europe for German newspapers.

Is there any more striking example of history's irony than that Chamberlain, Hitler's "scientific" authority for his race-theory, should have made it so easy for the *Fuehrer* to forge those same traits into a persecution-weapon against the Jews? All Heine's praise of Germany was to be turned back on his own race with a vengeance as he lent the knife to the German nationalists (who took over in the Third Reich) to be used to stab his people.

**A** COSMOPOLITE by race and temperament Heine had foreseen as early as 1842 the global wars of our era; and he saw them prefaced by a most horrible war of destruction which unfortunately "would call into the arena for their mutual ruination the two noblest peoples of civilization, Germany and France." He wrote in that same decade of Russia as a "*terrible giant still sleeping and growing in its sleep; stretching out its feet into the fragrant flower gardens of the Orient, knocking its head against the North Pole and dreaming of world dominion.*"

The conviction of his whole life was that Germany and France were natural allies. "The upright and

generous France," he kept insisting, "is Germany's natural and truly safest ally." In the League of Nations, which he early advocated, Heine believed such an alliance the best of all possible beginnings. And Arnold seconded him, for reasons given above, in proclaiming its advisability.

A remark in a speech made by Chancellor Adenauer in this regard would have had the full approval of both: "Understanding between France and Germany is a foundation, the necessary prerequisite of any European integration." Both Heine and Arnold would have been delighted likewise at the working success of the European Coal and Steel Community now in its fourth year of existence. But the success is far from being ascribable just to a union of French *esprit* and German *Gemüt!*

**H**OWEVER, as we consider the immense popularity of Heine who so evidently wrote what the public wanted (and who made a huge fortune for his Hamburg publisher, Campe, though Heine himself stayed poor in Paris), the historian may well ask why it was that this clever political prophet's warnings about the dangers of nationalism were not heeded.

There is a reason in the nature of men and of nations why the Cassandra-voice of the isolated individual *must* go unheeded, a reason that may only be hinted at in a later comparison of Heine with Kierkegaard at the close of this paper. We can look back with wonder at what the German poet in his self-imposed exile in France was able to foretell of coming events. So is Heine's vast writing accomplishment in the time of his "living death" (for he was a

decade in dying from spinal atrophy) a matter for wonder; and even more wonderful is the quality of the final verses dictated by him in the years 1849-1851, the *Romanzero*.

His good friend Théophile Gautier (who stood at his graveside with Dumas) said of Heine while he was still living: "We saw him nailed in his coffin like a dead man. But when we bent over him to listen, we heard poetry ringing from under the pall." At most he had only four hours of sleep daily, and this much rest was obtained by the use of morphine in three different forms. His secretary, Karl Hillebrand, to whom he dictated his songs, tells us that he polished and repolished his poems for sound, cadence, clearness, tense-forms and precision of language. Even in a lull during his last agony he was to gasp, "Write — write — paper, pencil! . . ."

**H**EINE's last walk abroad among his fellow-humans had been in May, 1848. Earlier the noise of the crowds of the February Revolution that had deposed Louis Phillipe had alarmed him in his hospital room close to those disturbing scenes. Now, able at last to leave his residence, Heine found that the rushing to and fro of people in the streets was too much for him, half-blind and paralyzed as he had become. He managed to stumble into the Louvre where he fell. Looking up, after he got his bearings, he saw that he had collapsed at the feet of the Venus de Milo. Emma Lazarus describes this incident as a symbol of a twofold grief: grief for the world's lost Hellenism and grief for the age-old plight of the Jews:

*"Here Heine wept! Here still he weeps anew,*

*Nor ever shall his shadow lift or  
move,  
While mourns one ardent heart,  
one poet-brain,  
For vanished Hellas and Hebraic  
pain."*

IT is true that the sick poet was overwhelmed when he looked up at this statue; but from his own account of the sobs that shook him so violently when he "wept so as to move a stone to pity," it is also true that he was realizing the whole inadequacy of the cult of Hellas. "Don't you see that I have no arms and therefore cannot help you?" is what Heine reports of his "dear Lady of Milo" in her imaginary speech to him.

Not only could the Lady of Milo in her symbolism of vanished Hellas give him no help then; his German philosophy, studied under the *Maestro* Hegel himself in the 1820's in Berlin, was to be known for what it was as he spent his last eight years in physical torture in his room. In his *Confessions* he tells of his about-face regarding religion as he considered the teachings of Swedenborg and mystics like him. As a student of Hegel who, he said, had once whispered to him, "There is no God," he had for a time felt like a "divine biped." After that last walk to the Louvre he called himself "only a poor mortally sick Jew," and returned if not to the God of his fathers at least to Bible study and a quite pious theism that took the form of belief in a personal God. The pantheism then rife he came to see as a kind of "shamefaced atheism."

As intensely individualistic as his contemporary Kierkegaard (whose own profound piety was likewise a movement of rebellion against

Hegelianism's *System*), Heine requested that neither priest nor Rabbi say prayers over him after his death. Writing to his friends of his conversion he begged them not to believe that the "great, exalted terrible thoughts" that had come to him were "the phosphorescent vapors of hysterical faith." That religious upheaval, he declared further, had had very little to do with his sickbed. It was, he asked them to believe, "purely spiritual: more an act of my reason than of holy feeling." His death on February 17, 1856, has points of likeness with Kierkegaard's.

PERHAPS two more different nineteenth-century writers than Heinrich Heine and Sören Kierkegaard would be hard to find. But they were alike in the great urge seizing them during the closing years of their lives to protest against the German philosophy that had usurped Western culture. Yet the warning of Heine against it, like his earlier warning against nationalism, went wholly unheeded. In a recantation of his Hegelianism in 1852 and again in 1854, Heine openly called the *Maestro*, Satan's helper. Writing of his old teacher some thirty years after he had studied with him in Berlin, the poet-journalist said: "I saw how Hegel, with his almost comically serious face, sat like a brood-hen upon the fateful eggs"—for the evils hatching from those eggs of rationalism and nationalism alike had become more and more evident.

His dying eyes saw also the mushroom growth of Communism that was proclaimed by Karl Marx, himself a Hegelian, in the *Manifesto* of 1848. "It is all of no use," Heine cried out on his deathbed: "The fu-



ture belongs to our enemies, the Communists." "And yet," he added in the spirit of the patriarchs of his race, "do not believe that God lets all this go forward merely as a grand comedy. Even though the Communists deny Him today, He knows better than they do that the time will come when they will learn to believe in Him."

For Heine had, in that long period of his painful illness (1848-1856), arrived at a thorough disillusion about the philosophy that had once so enthralled him. With Kierkegaard, moved by a similar revulsion against Hegel, Heine found the humanism of his day a blatant mockery of God Who is not mocked. The tragedy of these and other would-be saviors of the West, who declare

with real conviction the need to put God first, is that they cannot or will not recognize that in the Catholic Church God is Eucharistically present, here and now; and that He is here established (in the world His love first made) in issue with evil, warring against what Heine at last recognized as the Original Sin: the pride of the intellect.

Had Heine, in the way of Karl Stern, for example, found the Church, he too might have saved his proud Jewish heritage in its fulfillment in the Incarnation. As the author of *The Pillar of Fire* came to see, all mankind's history has been that of running toward God or of running away from Him. "But all the time He had been in the center of things."

## *On Looking Through a Stained Glass Window*

by PRISCILLA O'BRIEN MAHONEY

*I SAW St. Agnes through the glass  
Resplendent in a gown of rose  
That twilight draped with studied care,  
As if the saint were vain of clothes.*

*A candle's gleam curved round her head  
Then fell on lilies at her feet.  
An organ note came trembling out  
And floated down the dusky street.*

*Soon Agnes grew more dim to see  
As twilight drew the sunshine in.  
And I—I saw a pane of glass—  
A dreary world of night and sin.*

# *This Land Fulfilled*

by CHARLES A. BRADY

**F**ROM where she sat in the prebend house of the little church of Saint Remy, Hauviette de Syonne could watch the thin winter sunlight lighting up the stained glass tree of Jesse in the prebend's window till it shone like a jewel, like the Burning Bush that Moses saw, like, even, the great oak of Bourlemont in autumn. But no! Hauviette's husband, the heavy-set, slow-thinking, slow-speaking Gérard, had warned her, above all else, not to think too much about the Fairy Tree. That was what this hearing was about. The commissioners said it was to clear the memory of Joan the Maid who had been burned by the English, as a witch and proven heretic, in Rouen market place twenty years ago.

But who could ever really tell where the great ones of the world were concerned? She and Gérard had reason to remember those other commissioners of Bishop Cauchon's who had come down to Domremy better than a score of years before; and how, in their soft-spoken way, they, too, had asked about the Tree; and how, afterward, they had used the information against Maid Joan who used to watch the sheep with her, and with Mengette and Guillemette. Guillemette was dead now—God shield her soul! Died in childbed, she had. Mengette, though, with her husband, Jean Joyart, had the farm next to theirs. As a matter

of fact, Mengette was sitting across from her right now. The colors from the burning Jesse tree fell across her mantle like live coals, like the plaids the Scots soldiers wore in the bad old days, before Joan crowned the King, then when the Burgundians and the English spurred, hell-for-leather, over the fair land of France.

**T**HOUGH a bright fire crackled on the prebend's hearth, it was cold in the high-ceilinged room this winter Wednesday of January 28, 1456. The judges huddled miserably in their robes of miniver and vair; their white breaths came and went on the chill air. They were important people for Lorraine, these dignitaries of Church and bench: Master Simon Chapitault, licentiate in canon law, new come from Paris to serve as prosecutor in this process of Joan and her judges; Master Réginald Chichery, dean of Notre Dame in Vaucouleurs; Wautrin Thierry, canon of Toul cathedral; Dominicus Dominici, clerk of Toul,

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In recognition this month of the 500th anniversary of the rehabilitation of Joan of Arc, we present **Charles A. Brady's** story of *The Maid* and how the troublous issue of sorcery in her regard was settled once and for all. St. Joan was beatified in 1909 and canonized in 1920. Chairman of the English Department at Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y., Mr. Brady is the author of *Stage of Fools* and contributor to many magazines.

servicing the tribunal as scribe—he was having a hard time, was Wautrin, keeping his ink from freezing because the little brazier intended to warm it kept going out.

Yes, they were great people for Lorraine. But, great as they were, they were not so great by half as the august panel which had sat in Paris only two months before. That numbered Jean Jouvenel des Ursins, Archbishop of Rheims, who had succeeded Pierre Cauchon as Bishop of Beauvais after that same churchman had died so suddenly and mysteriously while a barber was trimming his beard. It numbered also Richard Olivier, Bishop of Coutances; and Guillaume Chartier, Bishop of Paris, brother of Alain Chartier, courtier and poet, he who had written so well on the Maid—for the poets had known Joan for what she was long before the churchmen. They were not so great, either, as the great professors, canon lawyers, and lord abbots who, one month after the Paris consistory, had mustered in the splendid hall of the archiepiscopal palace of Rouen: the abbots of Saint Denis, Saint Germain des Prés, Saint Magloire, Saint Lô, and Saint Crépin.

**A**UTHORITY had been delegated to the Domremy tribunal, in this rehabilitation proceeding which the King had moved, because the Apostolic commissioners had to settle once and for all the troublous issue of sorcery in the Maid's regard. It all hinged on this country matter of the Fairy Tree—or, as some of the depositions had it, the Fairies' Tree, and, some other, the Ladies' Tree.

The original condemnatory sentence—a masterpiece of insinuating ambiguity born in the subtle brain of Bishop Cauchon—had

read: "Joan said that she had often heard her voices near a tree known as the Fairy Tree." So Master Jean Bréhal, Grand Inquisitor of France in the year of our Lord, 1456, not wishing to be unfair as Pierre Cauchon had been unfair, had had the clerks draw up, as article nine of this Lorraine Interrogatory, the following. "What did popular report say of that tree which is called the 'Ladies Tree'? Were girls in the habit of gathering there to dance? And what of this fountain that is near the tree? Did Joan go there with the other girls, and for what reasons, and when did she go?"

Courteously and patiently Master Chapitault put the questions to the witnesses who had been summoned. To old Moreau, the Maid's godfather. To old Béatrice d'Estelin, with Jeanette Royer, godmother to the little maid who, on the Feast of the Epiphany in 1412, had been born to the house of Arc. To Etienne de Sionne, the priest of Roncessey. To Perrin Drappier, beadle of Domremy. To Jean Colin and Simonin Musnier who had played with the Maid when they were children together so many years ago.

**W**AITING her turn, Hauviette, in spite of herself, began to think again on the Fairy Tree of Bourlemont where, they said, in bygone days Pierre Granier, knight and lord of Bourlemont, did use to meet the Lady in green who was of the *Fée* and, under the lordly Tree, there walk arm in arm with her through the warm summer nights. The lord of Bourlemont grew old and died, as happened to men, but the Lady did not, for the people of the *Fée* were not subject to the rule of death and decay. From *Laetare* Sunday to the Feast of All Souls she

and her attendant Ladies might be seen, in the murmurous dusks, walking about the Tree, dancing in the moon glint, wreathing garlands for their glimmering hair. That was why the girls of Domremy brought nuts and cakes to the Tree, because it was lucky for lovers so to do. Or, rather, why they once did so.

SINCE the bitter day Joan was burned in Rouen no one went to the Tree any more, though, Spring by Spring, the great oak still put out its immemorial blossoms, and, Fall by Fall, the bronze leaves still fell to the earth. Hauviette had seen the Tree only two nights ago, black and cold against the green winter sky. The mighty oak had looked dead, as if it would never bloom again.

Hauviette was forty-five now. Her skin was roughened, and her hands blue-veined. No child had come to open her womb. But, sitting in the chill prebend hall, while the brief winter sun wheeled quick across the heavens, a secret smile curled the corners of a mouth that, for a fleeting moment, looked soft and red again in the sunset light. Hauviette hummed to herself one of *Maitre Eustache Deschamps'* little songs about a different kind of *puccelle* than the *Pucelle* of Orléans. It was she remembered, one of the songs Joan had never joined in with the other girls. Not that there was anything really wrong about its earthy fragrance. It was just that the Maid had always been, in this matter of earthly love, apart from other maids.

*"J'ay vers yeulx, petits sourcis,  
Le chief blond, le nez traitis,  
Ront menton, blanche gorgette;  
Sui je, sui je, sui je belle?"*

H AUVIETTE was still crooning low the little song when Master Chapi-tault called on her to testify, in the name of the Church and of the King, as to Maid Joan's doings with the Tree. He had it on record now from old men and old women, from middle-aged farmers who had once been strong-limbed boys, from their gray-haired wives who had once been lissome girls, that the Ladies used to come in the old time and dance beneath the Tree, but that, since the priest read the Gospel of Saint John there, they came no more. That, in Joan's day, the young men and girls of Domremy danced and picnicked under the Tree as well as beside the *Fontaine aux Raines*, the Frogs' Spring. That the Dame of Bourlemont had seen no wrong in it, nor the Vicar before the present Vicar. Simonin Musnier thought the Ladies were good spirits, and regretted that they came no longer. Jean Colin believed in them, but had never seen one of them, though his mother, apparently, used to see them often. Michel Lebuin was a trifle sad that the Ladies came no more to Bourlemont and Domremy.

AND so it went on, deposition after deposition. Master Chapi-tault felt a twinge of pity. They were so old and gnarled, these faltering peasants who had once brought little loaves to place beneath the Fairy Tree. It struck his skeptical lawyer's mind, all of a sudden, that there was something to be said for a fire in a market place. The Maid had not had time to grow old and sour and pitiful. Somewhere, somehow, she was forever young, as these her childhood friends and comrades no longer were.

MASTER CHAPITAUT cleared his throat to call the next witness to attention.

"Hauviette de Syonne," he said gently. "Wife of Gérard, farmer. You knew the Maid?"

Hauviette came to herself with a tiny start of panic.

"Knew the Maid?" she said, uncertain. "None better, Master. Since we were children and tended sheep together, I had known Joan the Maid."

"So," said Master Chapitault. "Tell us of the Tree now."

"The Tree," said Hauviette, and her voice sounded far away. "The Tree has been called the Ladies' Tree since olden times, and people say that long ago the Ladies of the *Fée* came there every night. I do not know. I never saw them, though I often wished to see them when I was a girl. I only know that in our day, when we were young, we girls and boys of Domremy went to the Tree and to the *Fontaine aux Ruines* on *Lactare* night, and on other Spring evenings, too. Joan the Maid came with us then. She would bring nuts to the Tree as we did, and the little loaves and honey cakes. When we were courting, we went there summer nights as well. But Joan came not then. She never thought on men. The Maid was different."

Yes, thought Master Chapitault wearily, for it grew late. Yes, the Maid was different. Just how different this long process he was engaged in was bringing to light for the first time. And, he would wager, there was much more to discover.

"Tell me," he said, after a pause. "When did you stop going to the Tree?"

"After we heard the English had burned the Maid and that our

French did naught to recover her," said Hauviette. "We never went there again. Maybe the Ladies still come. I do not know. I had never the heart to find out. It is a pity."

"Yes, Mistress," said Master Chapitault, strangely moved. "It is a pity."

There had been a little break in Hauviette's voice. The lawyer wondered if she were tired—or, more likely, unhappy. At all events, it was growing very late. He would terminate the hearing. Time enough tomorrow for the questions about the Maid's education in the Faith, and whether she went to church often and gladly. There was, he thought, nothing harmful in this old business of the Tree. Country matters merely, and rather lovely ones, at that. No more.

"Thank you, Mistress," said Master Chapitault, bowing to Hauviette.

OUTSIDE the January dusk fell swift on Domremy. The stars pricked out in the cold sky. The embers cooled on the hearths. Old and gaunt, the Fairy Tree lifted its arms in the night. Snow began to fall. By morning the branches were as white as apple blossoms in May.

AFTER three days the Commission of Inquiry moved to Vaucouleurs, then to Toul, then back to Paris. Then—for the Maid had ridden hard and far during her short years in the saddle—the Court traveled, in that order, to Chinon, Poitiers, and Orléans, where squires, men-at-arms, wandering tinkers, kings' counselors, theologians, two of Charles' great captains, Dunois the Bastard and the Duke of Alençon, all bore witness, in their various ways, to the goodness and the glory

of the Maid whose high heart would not burn but was still full of blood and fresh when the wood about her was consumed. (There was a great English lord who had said then to Jean Tiphaine, the Duchess of Bedford's physician: "She really is a good creature. Why is she not English?" And now, grown old, Jean Tiphaine spoke this in testimony as he had not been able to do a score of years before.)

Only one of her former judges remained obdurate: the aged Jean Beaupère, canon of Rouen and Master of Theology, who hated all women since he left his mother's breast. The Court listened in silence to the old man. When he was finished with his quavering deposition, he was suffered to go and no one said him nay.

In the end, even as was fitting, the Commission journeyed again to Rouen where, in the blazing pyre, the Maid's exalted story had come to its glorious beginning. The documents were complete at last, and sealed and sanded by the tenth of June. The Grand Inquisitor of France, Jean Bréhal, pondered and digested them for better than three weeks. Then, on July 7, 1456, at eight of the clock of a sultry summer morning, the great verdict was rendered forever: for the true Maid and against her false judges. The Archbishop of Rheims sat in the presidential chair; by his side the Bishops of Paris and Coutances, and the Grand Inquisitor. Master Chaptault was on the promoter's bench; and, at the bar, standing for the Maid, her brother, Jean d'Arc. Clerks and laymen filled the body of the echoing hall. But all eyes were on the great staring eyes, in the front row, of the holy friar, Martin Ladvenu, who had stood be-

side the Maid at the stake, comforting her, and now, before he died, by the great mercy of God heard her innocence proclaimed to all the world.

There was much to do yet for the Grand Inquisitor. He had next to travel to Orléans, where the Maid's mother still lived, there, on July twenty-first, to proclaim the mighty tidings once again; and, after that, to go to Rome where, in their turn, the French King and the Pope received the glad intelligence. Master Bréhal did not think it necessary to send an official courier to Domremy. All the same, the news traveled by itself to Domremy, as such news will, and rapidly.

**T**HIS is how the tidings came at last to the Fairy Tree. Hauviette de Syonne heard them on a summer morning at the end of July. All day she worked, abstracted, pushing out her lower lip, as was her custom, when she thought deep on things. After supper her husband watched her while she went out into the garden and plaited a rose garland such as, in days gone by when they were young together, he and she, they twain had hung on the Ladies' Tree. Gérard found himself thinking—for the first time in years, he supposed—that his woman had weathered well. She was comelier and riper than he would have thought, if he had stopped to consider the matter when out plowing. But, then Gérard de Syonne was too good a husbandman ever to stop to consider anything when busy plowing.

A thin crescent moon, misty and tremulous in the heat haze, was just sickling the upper branches of the Fairy Tree as Hauviette timidly, for the first time in twenty



years, laid her rose circlet on one of the oak's massy bark bosses. Under the star shine the garland looked dark as blood. After the woman was gone again, it seemed very quiet there where the oak stood silent in the night. Then, from the direction of Bourlemont manor, someone sounded a horn. So far as one could tell, it might have been the silver moon's curved horn. It was probably only the forester's son, young Hubert, practicing his hunting flourishes for Saint Hubert's day, though Saint Hubert's day was not until November. While the last silvery echo died away, a stag stepped out onto the grassy ring before the Tree. After him the Ladies came.

Lovelier they were than ever with the passionless static beauty of those who do not have to die. Lighter and frailer they were than the glimmering white moths that blundered with velvet feet against them. Their eyes were slanted at the corners. Green were the dresses

they wore; and the moon glint lanced them lightly as they trod. Murmuring, they turned to their Lady, the *Fée* loved long ago of the dead lord of Bourlemont.

"We did the Maid no harm, after all," she said softly, raising one white arm under the stars. "I think we may venture out again, after these many years, out beneath the moon. To dance once more at least—in honor of the Maid who is greater than we."

WHEN, hours later, with the moon paling in the dawn, the *Fée* sank to the ground in one last gracious curtsy to her sister morning, Hauviette's garland on her unfading brow, Gérard de Syonne raised himself on his elbow and watched the smile on the lips of his sleeping wife. Never, he thought in a burst of tenderness that took him by the throat and shook him, never had Hauviette looked younger and more desirable. It was as if youth had come to her again.

## The Quest

by M. H. BROWN

*NOR all the dreams  
Of man can ever be  
One wit the size  
Of God's infinity.*

*Yet strive he must,  
With all will to conceive  
That which unseeing, unknowing,  
Still he must believe.*

# Edith Sitwell:

## GOthic POET



by Francis Fytton

**I**N a recent issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD I was incautious enough to write of "the Sitwells, that terrible trio who have the cultural fun but who lack the cultural Faith." Like many another unwary journalist I had reckoned without the most distinguished member of the trio, Edith Sitwell; for shortly after I wrote those words she was, at Farm Street in London, received into the Catholic Church by a Jesuit priest.

Had I perhaps been more observant, or had I not perpetrated the foregoing *gaffe*, I might now be in the position to say: "Of course I saw it coming all the time. It was obvious for years that Edith was going to enter the Church of Rome. Why, didn't you read *Fanfare for Elizabeth*?" Thus I would be assured of a position in the complacent chorus of my colleagues.

But the truth of the matter is that though I have indeed read *Fanfare for Elizabeth* I did not see it coming. Though familiar with most of the works of these three erstwhile *enfants terrible* of English Letters and so with their somewhat gothic outlook I had if I may say so without irreverence, come to regard them as gothic figures outside a gothic cathedral—albeit they are gargoyles only of literary eccentricity—rather than worshippers within.

IN the writings of the Sitwells there has always been a curious blend of the traditional and the ultra-modern; and nowhere has it been better exemplified than in the work of Edith Sitwell. Partly, of course, this has been due to a very real desire to make contemporary verse come to grips with life. For it is a strange thing that in the last decade or two there has been a tendency for verse—prose too for that matter—to turn inward upon itself: for the poet to become the lonely “cannibal of its own heart.”

Kipling was, I suppose, the last popular poet, though not the last people's poet. But Kipling represented an ideal and an era far removed from the present: the age of the uncommon man, even though a sometimes unpleasant man who could talk of “lesser breeds without the Law.” The present age, in which we are so often reminded of the common man, is more suited to prose—common prose.

However, even a common man may be a poet, though he may not be a common poet: all art is by nature uncommon. Thus the poet who is a common man will not find an audience of common men: he must therefore, since even the most self-effacing of poets loves an audience, write for an intelligentsia, themselves poets, or poetic enthusiasts, or critics of poetry.

This is in itself an isolation: a tendency to draw both inspiration and revenue from one class, a literary class. The poet so placed will draw his inspiration from purely literary sources and his endeavor will defeat itself since the substance of his poetry will add nothing to the sum of literature. So that the literary poet is not so much writing verse as describing a vicious circle.

I HAVE said that the poet who is a common man will not find an audience among common men; if he wishes to have such an audience he will have to create it, whether he be a budding Shakespeare, a T. S. Eliot, a Milton or a Dylan Thomas. And the only common link between these four seemingly random names is that all have this in common: they created their audiences among all classes. But how many are big enough and brave enough to create an audience, not merely satisfy a crowd (there is no crowd with quite such a group mentality as an intelligentsia).

Now all of the foregoing quite well applies to every one of the arts: here I am concerned only with verse and, to a lesser degree, prose. Of course there are still some poets who earn their bread among the populace at large—though as a class they have shown always a regrettable tendency to scramble for subsidies—and will therefore even unconsciously draw inspiration from the main stream of humanity.

QUITE recently I came across an example so singular that I feel it worth recording. I was traveling on a bus through an industrialized and impoverished district of North London called Finsbury to have luncheon with a journalist friend

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Francis Fytton, in appraising the work of the recent convert, Edith Sitwell, maintains that it is in her volume of poems *Street Songs* (1942) that a Catholic tendency is first discernible. Her potentialities as a mystic poet, he thinks, are unmeasurable; she might even prove a successor to Francis Thompson, but his hope is that she may not entirely abandon the world. The excerpts used throughout the article are from Edith Sitwell's *The Canticle of the Rose* (The Vanguard Press, Inc.). Copyright, 1949, by Edith Sitwell.

of mine who, with his wife, finds pleasure born of an inverted snobbery in living sybaritically in such surroundings. Or perhaps I do him an injustice and he lives thus to maintain contact with the poor; but I do not think so.

ANYWAY I boarded the bus and noticed that the conductor, a man in his early twenties, had a full beard the color of bitter beer, by which I mean that he was very English. Beards are fashionable in London just now (I myself have had one appropriately piebald) but not among bus conductors: so that when he began a conversation with the driver (they were waiting for the vehicle's time of departure) I, being, I hope, a good journalist, began quite shamelessly to eavesdrop. The conductor had a good cockney voice upon which regrettably was superimposed a dab of night school—and the British Broadcasting Corporation, but it was still a voice that carried.

He was telling the driver about a friend he had made among the regular passengers: he had picked out this passenger because the man was always scribbling and the scribbles proved to be poems. So the conductor had asked the passenger to visit him one evening in order that they might read their poems to one another (I had thought all along there was a poetic curl to the beer-colored beard), and they had agreed upon a night. But when the time came the passenger failed to appear, and it developed that instead he had gone to his fiancée's twenty-first birthday party. (He must have been a poet to forget her birthday when he made the appointment with the conductor!)

"Imagine," said the conductor to his friend the driver, "he put that before a poetry reading. I told him he could have brought her along to listen."

"Ah!" the driver replied wisely. (I think he was not a poet.)

Now that conductor was only half a poet: for one day he will have a female passenger who will make him realize that all art is inspired by love (though it may be love of God or beauty); but better half a poet than no poet, at all.

AT this point the reader may well ask why I am writing of a bus conductor-poet instead of writing of Edith Sitwell. The answer is that Edith Sitwell has rather more in common with the conductor than with any of the grand literary schools. Not for nothing did Jack Lindsay, in an introductory essay to "Façade," call her, "the first fully English writer . . . since Dickens."

The Sitwells, Edith, Sir Osbert and Sacheverell, have indeed formed a school of their own, or at least a group. It is a group that has done a great deal to encourage young artists of all kinds, a group that self-consciously set out to fight the philistines, a group that worthily, and perhaps wantonly, attracted a great deal of publicity and a group that has done some good.

EDITH SITWELL is the oldest and most distinguished of the group: a universally-acknowledged poet and publicist, a Dame of the Order of the British Empire. She had, as Sir Osbert recalls in his immense autobiography *Left Hand, Right Hand*, an unhappy childhood: tortured in a well-meaning way by a more than eccentric father who wished to

prove a private theory by straightening her nose with the aid of medical quacks, and by a vague mother who wished to change her character. It is not to be wondered that as soon as she was able, Edith Sitwell found herself a garret in Bayswater (a rather seedy district in West London) and began to write.

**H**ER first poem curiously enough was published in the *Daily Mirror*. The *Mirror* today has become a byword for a sensational type of tabloid journalism. Yet in its beginnings the paper was intended to be "a paper written by gentlewomen for gentlewomen." Although it soon ceased to have an all-female staff, that remained more or less the ideal; and upon the front page each day a poem was published. Edith Sitwell's work was approved by Richard Jennings, the then literary editor, and it immediately attracted attention.

Not always favorable attention. During her editorship of *Wheels*, an anthology of *avant-garde* verse, Lady Colvin wrote: "She [Edith] is a daughter of Sir George, the Bart., and the young school of poetry look upon her as their high priestess. . . . They are in Poetry what the Post-Impressionists and Cubists are in Painting—very hard to make head or tail of what they write—it is really to make the Bourgeoisie sit up, and with the Sitwells there is a vein of humour wanting to see how far they can gull the public. It is the latest and newest school, but nothing will come of it." Lady Colvin was a friend and relative.

This Sitwellian humor was by no means confined to print. A letter quoted in the afore-mentioned autobiography shows Edith Sitwell's share in it:

"Dear Mrs. Almer,

"After five years, you have again been kind enough to ask me to luncheon. The reason for this is that I have just published a successful book: the reason I have had a successful book is that I do not go out and waste my time and energy, but work hard morning and afternoon. If I accept your kind invitation, I shall have to leave off earlier in the morning, and shall be too tired to work in the afternoon. Then my next book will not be such a success, and you will not ask me to luncheon: or, at the best, less often. So that, under these circumstances, I am sure you will agree it is wiser for me not to accept your present kind invitation.

"Yours sincerely,

"Edith Sitwell."

**P**ERHAPS it is only to be expected that one with so highly developed a sense of humor would, in the nature of things, eventually develop a corresponding piety. Both are gothic traits and an American is said to have remarked in front of Edith's portrait in the Tate Gallery: "Lord, she's gothic, gothic enough to hang bells in!" Certainly in her dress and manner she has done nothing at all to dispel the impression.

Edith Sitwell's poetry is divided into two periods: 1916 to 1928; and 1938 to the present day (with an interlude as a Hollywood script writer). The first period culminated in the publication of "Gold Coast Customs," a wild, witty satire on modern society and, much more, it was the product of a great deal of historical research. The contrast between savage and smart society was brilliantly done.

Thus:

"Mariners, put your bones to bed!  
But at Lady Bambergher's parties  
each head,  
Grinning, knew it had left its bones  
In the mud with the white skulls  
. . . only the grin  
Is left, strings of nerves, and the  
drum-laut skin."

THIS poem was dedicated to her friend Helen Rootham. "And in the next decade, until Helen's death in 1938, the concern my sister felt for her," wrote Sir Osbert, "and the necessity she found herself under to earn money, compelled her to turn away from the natural expression of her being, toward prose: for some ten years she was obliged to abandon poetry." There are echoes of Belloc's plaintive cry: "Nor in my rightful garden lingered." But perhaps it was not such a tragedy after all, for Edith Sitwell writes much the best prose of the three, showing greater discipline, the result perhaps of writing "for gain, not glory."

During this period her most important works were *Alexander Pope* (was this perhaps the beginning of her interest in Catholicism?) *Bath*, *The English Eccentrics*, a witty gathering together of some famous characters, and *Victoria of England*. The latter is an excellent book, though not I think, as good as *Fanfare for Elizabeth*, published in 1946, a really remarkable evocation of the past.

THE first important group of poems of the second period was published under the title *Street Songs* in 1942. Here for the first time a Catholic tendency is discernible, as in "Still Falls the Rain," sub-titled "The Raids, 1940. Night and Dawn." The poem begins

"Still falls the Rain—  
Dark as the world of man, black as  
our loss—  
Blind as the nineteen hundred and  
forty nails  
Upon the Cross."

and ends

"Then sounds the voice of One who  
like the heart of man  
Was once a child who among beasts  
has lain—  
'Still do I love, still shed my inno-  
cent light, my Blood,  
for thee.'"

OF course Edith Sitwell has been accused of dabbling in words for their own sake. The charge was first brought against "Façade, a Popular Song," which aroused a storm when produced as poetry set to music in the 1920's. Admittedly there is some substance in the charge: Edith Sitwell at times has not scrupled to sacrifice meaning to some strange euphony. Yet that is the mark of the master; her main fault is that she indulged in the practice before becoming a master. But seldom has she descended as others have done to obscurity for its own sake.

However the cult is bad because it tends to drive the ordinary reader away from poetry. John Arlott, who has come nearer to popular success than most poets of his generation, remarked ruefully to me the other day that the public would much rather read about a poet than read his works. "Yet it is his poetry that makes him worth reading about," he complained. However, Arlott, as I reminded him, had just succumbed to the popular demand by agreeing to write a gossip column for the *News Chronicle!*



Is this tendency really to be deplored, I wonder? It is in many ways a healthy and splendidly honest reaction to a great deal of work that does not merit the name of poetry, yet can hardly be termed verse. It is an excellent spur for the poet, a challenge to come out of the curiosity class of royalties and rabble rousers, film stars and fakirs, and become a writer.

Edith Sitwell has probably done more in this direction than any other and she might do much more, particularly in the field of verse drama. Certainly T. S. Eliot has shown that there is a public interest in contemporary verse drama as an ideal: but it is still an idea only, for Mr. Eliot's drama seldom deserves to be called verse: the cutting up of prose sentences is not enough, nor has he the dramatic power of a Massinger that might make us overlook the deficiency.

Since, however, there is a tendency not to read any poetry nowadays (a fine thing for critics who also become interpreters, but a bad one for poetry) I may be forgiven for quoting once more. The range of subject in Edith Sitwell's poems is truly Catholic. Thus her "Portrait of a Barmaid":

*"Your soul, pure glucose edged with hints  
Of tentative and half-soiled tints."*

And in "The Canticle of the Rose" this culminating reference to the atomic bomb:

*"But high upon the wall  
The Rose where the Wounds of  
Christ are red  
Cries to the Light—  
'See how I rise upon my stem, ineffable bright"*

*Effluence of bright essence. . . .*

*From my little span*

*I cry of Christ, Who is the ultimate  
Fire*

*Who will burn away the cold in the  
heart of Man.*

*Springs come, springs go. . . .*

*"I was reddere on Rode than the  
Rose in the rayne . . ."*

*"This smel of Crist, clepid the plant-  
tynge of the Rose in Jerico."*

It is significant that last year when *The Times Literary Supplement* devoted a special number to "American Writing Today," it was Edith Sitwell who led off with an article on "The Rising Generation." "In America, as in England, there are earnest-minded people bent on improving the world by means of poetry," she wrote. "But to do this we must, in the words of the Oracle, 'have heard the light speak.'" Many who have not heard that mighty voice are in the habit of fitting everything into a preconceived groove. (An English critic recently, saw in Gray's "Elegy" a "plea for decentralization, recalling the over-urbanized ruling class to its roots in rural society.")

Edith Sitwell went on: "I do not find the American poetry of the time given over to the silly dictates of a temporary fashion [this state exists in America as elsewhere, but not to a great extent]: What might become a danger to poetry in the English language is a misunderstanding of the uses of concentration—a quality which, when used properly, is among the most valuable and necessary qualities in poetry. . . . What we see in the finest American poetry of our time is the quality that Emerson called 'a genial radiation, skilful to discriminate power from form, essence

from accident, and opening, by its terminology and definition high roads into Nature,' . . . They see that poetry is, in one sense, 'the animalization of God.'"

Now this article is significant of Edith Sitwell's somewhat changed outlook. The emphasis is no longer on modernity for its own sake, but on unchanging values; less on language than on concentration.

**I**T remains to be seen how much her conversion will affect her poetry. Edith Sitwell's potentialities as a mystic poet are unmeasurable:

she might even prove a successor to Francis Thompson. And yet one hopes that she will not entirely abandon the world . . . this harsh world of bombs and barmaids to which her poetry has already given so much.

Perhaps the bewhiskered painter who, intending to be disparaging of Edith Sitwell, instead paid her a great compliment and gave her the title for a great poem with this summing up: "Very clever, no doubt—but what is she but a Façade!"

So is a Cathedral!

## *Shout a Morning Song*

by LOLA S. MORGAN

*THRUST* back your mountain shoulders  
and shout a morning song!  
America, the river-laughter courses  
like music in your veins  
and youth is still a star-bright banner flung  
across the earned maturity  
of blood which fertilized your plains.  
With brotherhood which faltered then grew strong,  
reach out your hands and lift a faithless world  
to your own singing faith,  
breaking with gentle pride the walls  
of bitter doubt and deeper fear.  
Against the darkness thrust your sword of light,  
the mechanized but not mechanical  
tall beauty of your cities.  
America . . . America . . .  
thrust back your mountain shoulders  
and shout a morning song,  
a promise for the shadowed universe to hear!

# From my window in Fleet Street

BY *Michael de la Bedoyere*

**B**Y the time these lines are read it is greatly to be hoped that some solution will have been found to the Cyprus tragedy, but at the moment there is no sign of this. And my purpose, this month, is not so much to comment on this shocking business as to consider the wider problem of British colonialism of which it is held to be a part.

There are many people, otherwise more or less friendly to Britain, who are revolted by the whole subject, as it is picked up by them in news items which suggest callousness and stupidity—they are not always quite sure which of these should predominate—as essential and unchanging factors in British colonialism.

**T**HIS, I believe, is an essentially unfair judgment, though few would deny that both callousness and stupidity have done much to spoil what is, on the whole, an admirable record by comparison with imperialism and colonialism generally.

In the case of the British empire, as in the case of other empires, it is not really very helpful to inquire into origins. Human and social values have immensely changed since empires, like the Spanish, the Portuguese, the French, the Dutch and the British, were created and their creation inevitably reflected the values of those times. These empires were, in fact, the almost inevitable product of the immense discoveries and technical advances made by Europe from the fifteenth century onward. A new world, rich in treasure and possibilities of trade and apparently only half-civilized, opened before the high European civilization.

A very important factor, too, was the European certainty that its spiritual and moral values—the values of Christianity—were unique and absolute. This latter factor, correct in itself, obviously led to a great deal of hypocrisy. Under cover of a moral and cultural crusade much covetousness, greed and lust for power could be justified.

**D**IFFERENT European Powers had different methods, but fundamentally they all amounted to exploitation for the supposed good of the exploited when in fact the real motive was the strengthening and enrichment of the exploiters. Such, for better or for worse, is the colonial inheritance

of Europe. We can do nothing about it, but it has left a concrete legacy with concrete and inescapable problems. It is easy for Powers which, through accidental circumstances, have not been benefited and burdened with this heritage to take a high moral view, but it is not helpful.

It seems to me fair to say that among the colonial Powers, the British have had the best of a not very high record—and I say it, though in fact this is in part a tribute to Protestantism and the more or less agnostic eighteenth and nineteenth century liberalism.

On the whole, the British idea was to sell the British idea of freedom, plugging the liberal-moral philosophy, but always carefully maintaining a strict caste division between the colonizers and the colonized. It was the outlook of the schoolmaster, immensely sure of himself, wielding the rod where necessary, taking high wages for his pains, but really wanting to teach and see his pupils—the best of them at any rate—grow up.

Schoolmasters are notoriously slow to appreciate the fact that their pupils do grow up and they tend to be particularly impatient of and hard on the backward or the foreign child. And if their authority and their job are in danger, they become harder than ever. Thus the great British colonial classroom tended to divide itself into the good boys and the awkward or difficult boys. The good boys grew up into an emancipation and independence within the Commonwealth—sometimes not without major rows, like the Boer War—that has proved itself unique in all history; but the story of the awkward, bad and difficult boys was different.

Different races, "lesser breeds," different traditions, different religions created awkward and difficult or retarded boys; but another factor was the need to keep discipline where groups of awkward boys might become dangerously insubordinate and challenge the security and status of the schoolmaster race.

**M**ANY Catholics have specially strong feelings about the British treatment of the Irish, feelings which color a whole outlook about British imperialism. Here religion certainly played an immense part—the Irish Catholics suffered as did the small minority of British Catholics—but fear was another factor. Ireland was never really considered a colonized people, but an integral part of the United Kingdom, ruled roughly as the rest was by an oligarchy of landlords. The idea of Irish independence, with the country lying so near to Great Britain, was unthinkable, but it was a tragic misfortune that in the party-battle over Ireland, the die was cast against Home Rule. It could so easily have been the other way, with surely far happier consequences. In the end Ireland, or part of it, has gained its independence with no loss to Britain.

As for the rest, it is fair to say that Britain has been eager to prepare the way for eventual independence within the Common-

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While admitting Britain's mistakes in Cyprus, **Michael de la Bedoyere** seeks to refute the generally accepted belief that the troubles there are due to Britain's adamant refusal to let go of a colonial possession. The tragedy of Cyprus is due rather, he maintains, to the present British reluctance to give the final strategic "say" in her own defenses and those of the free world to anyone but herself.

wealth, subject to conditions of security for power and trade which have proved to be overriding. It is at this point, it seems to me, that the British colonial genius has shown its great weakness. It is not that the colonial system itself has failed to move with the times; it is that Britain has been too scared to move with the times in respect of one factor.

**T**HE most extraordinary, and wonderful, event in all British colonial history was the agreement to give independence to Britain's proudest possession, the Indian Empire. This was probably a unique voluntary abdication of power on the part of a great nation. True, there was no real alternative, but history, including British history, is studded with refusals gracefully and generously to acknowledge the facts. In this case, the party political die fell the right way because Labor was in power.

One might reasonably think that the loss of India with so little pain and quite an amount of advantage would have taught British rulers the one lesson they have never learned, namely that power, security and prestige are not necessarily best preserved by force. But it has not been so, perhaps because the smaller the British Empire becomes, the more nervous we grow about what can remain.

**T**ODAY, the real trouble lies, not with the great sections of colonial possessions, moving slowly or fast toward an inevitable independence freely acknowledged by Britain, but with the smaller possessions or bases where the condition of security is the only really important consideration. It seems to me a pity

that because of the persisting and increasing trouble over these strategic bases, the world should point its scornful finger at Britain as an unrepentant sinful colonial Power. The motive at work in these places is not colonialism, whatever view we may take of Britain's colonial history. The motive is security—and security, nowadays no longer primarily viewed as just British security, but the security of the free world. If security could be obtained with independence, Britain would not hesitate—but she will not believe it.

These strategic bases today number Gibraltar, Malta, Hong Kong, Aden, Singapore and Cyprus. All these have come into British possession through the fortunes of history. They might just as well never have come. But they have come, and Britain has taken military and commercial advantage of the fact. But she is not so much keen to possess and rule them in a colonial sense as to make sure that no one else can use them against Britain and the free world.

Of these, Malta, Gibraltar and Hong Kong appear to be safe, at any rate in the sense that their people are content, for one reason or another, with their position. The trouble in the other three has arisen or is arising because the people want to be rid of British rule, while still willing to play their part in the over-all strategic plan which is considered vital to the defense of the free world. Britain, however, sticks by the view that their strategic position cannot at present be guaranteed unless final power rests with Britain. If it had any doubts about this, the action of Ceylon in putting an end to the British naval base there would confirm its reasoning.

**T**HE particular tragedy of Cyprus arises through the accidental circumstances surrounding a basic policy which is in itself reasonable and by no means self-seeking. It is, for example, important to bear in mind that the British Socialists, as with the French Socialists in regard to Algeria, when they were in power were quite as adamant as the Tories in insisting on the retention of Cyprus because of strategic considerations. We do not deny that British and French Socialists have their faults, but their prejudice for freedom and self-determination of subject peoples is at least as strong as that of the ruling classes of the countries where Britain and France are so severely indicted for their behavior.

Moreover, the present position in Cyprus has arisen simply because the loss of the Suez base left only Cyprus to protect British (and world) interests against trouble, possibly Communist caused, in the Middle East where Israel itself stands in such peril. It is easy, furthermore, to underrate the importance of the Turkish minority in Cyprus which lies far nearer to Turkey than Greece. Turkey has kept quiet because so far things are going her way; matters might be very different if the Greeks got their way.

**T**HE plain fact, of course, remains that the British determination to keep Cyprus under such British rule as is considered necessary to guarantee the British base is proving an appalling failure. It daily becomes clearer that you cannot force peace and order down the mouths of those who are determined to resist, come what may. It is at this point that one may fairly indict British policy.

The great lesson of India has not been learned. The only way today to be friends is to make friends. There seems to be little doubt that with a friendly Greece, Britain could have secured all she needed peacefully and through treaty arrangements with Greece, in possession of Cyprus again, and Turkey. But once the wrong action was taken and Britain decided to stand by her resolution not to trust anyone else, going back becomes every day more difficult. Britain, as Lord Attlee has said, is afraid of being thought afraid.

Sooner or later—and let us hope it will be sooner than later—a tremendous reassessment will have to be made, and I do not see how it can be made without the co-operation of the United States and other Powers. Surely the time has come when the Atlantic alliance, if it means anything, means co-operation in the chains of defensive bases, both in Europe and in the East, which are strategically judged to be necessary. Such bases in fact bring prosperity to the people of the place concerned, so there seems to be no reason why they should not safely rest on their own full autonomy. At any rate the lesson of Cyprus—and tomorrow maybe of Singapore—is that there is no alternative.

But the purpose of these lines has been not so much to discuss the future as to try to convince readers that Cyprus is not really a colonial question at all and should not therefore be used as an argument in flogging that dead horse of British colonialism. The tragedy of Cyprus is simply due to the present British reluctance to give the final strategic "say" in her own defense and those of the free world to anyone but herself. It is a mistake, but not a sin.





# FILM and TV

BY *Robert Kass*

**TRAPEZE** is an American movie made in Paris in which a moth-eaten triangle romance is used as the basis for a very excitingly-directed thriller. The plot of this one is slender and predictable: a young aerialist (Tony Curtis) persuades a has-been trapeze artist (Burt Lancaster) to take him on as a protégé. Before long both the act and their friendship is threatened by the intrusive presence of a tumbler (Gina Lollobrigida) who is determined to share some of their limelight by making the duo three. After failing to impress the older man with her charms, she turns to the younger one to secure a foothold in the act. Can you take it from there?

Working with such hoary material, director Carol Reed has managed to guide his performers so tartly that they appear never to have heard of this antique movie situation before. Wisely, Mr. Reed devotes a good deal of time to the backstage operation of the Cirque d'Hiver where most of the action takes place high above the sawdust-covered ring, in and out of seedy dressing rooms, all to the tune of the noisy bickering of temperamental artists and money-hungry proprietors. Once he has gotten us to accept this tawdry background, Reed very cleverly introduces his principal characters, supplies a bit of their personal history, and then gradually unreels his flimsy story in a glittering milieu. This is awfully shrewd movie-making and, combined with some breathlessly exciting sequences of triple somersaults high up on the trapeze, Mr. Reed varnishes his threadbare fabric into a sturdy, shiny tapestry.

Mr. Lancaster is brooding, sullen, and physically suitable as the has-been

aerialist, and even Mr. Curtis is made to appear as if he knew how to act. Miss Lollobrigida, also not much of an actress but undeniably a beautiful specimen, manages to fool you into thinking there is more in her performance than she puts into it. But the swinging trapeze, the sawdust, the pungent odors of the circus and the canny direction of Carol Reed are the real stars of this well-made adult drama.—*United Artists.*

**HIGH SOCIETY**, an up-dated musical version of *The Philadelphia Story*, misses the punch and drive of the 1940 edition mainly, I think, because Grace Kelly, who now plays the frosty Tracy Lord, lacks the powerhouse personality of Katharine Hepburn whom Philip Barry definitely had in mind when he wrote the comedy. Miss Kelly is languid, distant, exquisitely bred but, alas, she is neither comedienne nor dynamo. Therefore it is pretty hard to accept her as wielding some kind of iron hand around the Newport household in the early portions of the film and equally dismaying to watch her mellowing around the midway mark in the story. Miss Kelly plays the whole thing as if she were in a cellophane bag.

Because the galvanic personality of Tracy Lord is so vital to setting the wheels rolling, the film never jells to a digestible consistency in Miss Kelly's aloof approach. She is as luscious and lifeless as a bowl of waxed fruit. Opposite her, Bing Crosby is her ex-husband and Frank Sinatra the newspaperman who thaws Tracy out; both are good-natured and relaxed and share one really terrific duet. Celeste

Holm is Sinatra's sidekick, and Louis Calhern, Margalo Gillmore, and Sidney Blackmer are assorted members of Tracy's elegant family. But I don't think much of putting Mr. Barry to music. The verbal repartee of his characters is much sprightlier than the not-so-intricate rhymes of Cole Porter whose score for the film is disappointingly lower case. And not being an *aficionado* of Louis Armstrong, I found that the bits contributed by him and his band only slowed down the pace of the whole movie. *High Society* is a stylish, expensive film but I shall still remember *The Philadelphia Story* when this duplicate is only a fuzzy memory.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.

**THAT CERTAIN FEELING** was also a play, *The King of Hearts*, and an extremely funny if rather unsubstantial one it was. However, in tailoring the leading juvenile role, that of a young cartoonist who takes on a temporary assignment as assistant to a pseudo-intellectual, supercilious artist, to the limitations of Bob Hope, a lot of the real edge of the lines has dropped off by the wayside. Because of Mr. Hope's sagging chin-line, among other things, it has been necessary to have him formerly wed to the artist's present secretary. This lady, too, had a large quota of very funny cracks in the original, but now her wit is on the rusty side, limited as it is to one extended drunk scene which the producers evidently thought was an irresistibly cute idea. It isn't, and neither is an endless repetition of a labored joke about her name really being Ethel Jankowski from the Middle West. What four screen writers have done to the exuberant and staccato comedy which Jean Kerr and Eleanor Brooke wrote for Broadway is to carefully excise all but two hilarious remarks and substitute some astonishingly bad, unnecessarily suggestive lines in their place.

Bob Hope mugs his way through an essentially unpleasant part, and I can not even begin to guess why Eva Marie Saint accepted the role of the secretary. George Sanders is drearily caustic as the egotistical cartoonist, and Pearl Bailey shuffles her way through the part of his maid.—*Paramount*.

**THE KILLING** is a lean, sinewy low-budget thriller in which five very determined but not awfully bright hoodlums carry out a daring race-track robbery in broad daylight. The planning and execution of this caper takes a lot of screen time and gets a little over-involved in an untidy narrative technique that requires backtracking and showing the same action from five different viewpoints. But other than that, *The Killing* is a tense, well-directed melodrama which lavishes more footage than most on giving something of the background of the men involved in the hold-up.

Sterling Hayden, the "brains" behind the scheme, is an ex-convict playing a game of all-or-nothing; Elisha Cook, a toadying little man who wants the money to hold on to a two-timing wife (Marie Windsor); Joe Sawyer, a bartender, with an invalid wife; Ted de Corsia, a crooked cop; and Jay C. Flippen, a lonely old drifter. In quick, sharp strokes, director Stanley Kubrick manages to give us enough detail about each of these men so that they acquire more depth and definition than we are accustomed to meet in gangster epics. The robbery itself is fascinating to watch, perfect down to the last detail. Mr. Kubrick, a new director who attracted notice with *Fear and Desire* and then took the shine off his prestige with an ill-realized item called *Killer's Kiss*, is a man to watch. He knows how to handle suspense and he obviously understands the need for defining characters before letting them go about their business in the plot.—*United Artists*.

**RIFI**, a French import, also has to do with a daring robbery and has a thirty-five minute sequence played in utter silence, while four men methodically go about rifling a jewelry shop safe. This tough, slangy import is virtually impossible to understand without recourse to the English subtitles. Made by an American director, Jules Dassin, *Rifi* is an example of a tight, crisp, sadistic thriller at its most expert. But, as usual, the French go too far and there are any number of objectionable sequences which make it a film recommended to none.—*U.M.P.O.*

**THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY** is a leisurely, sentimental biographical film about the band-leader of the 1930's, elegant in his swallowtails, whom I personally shall always remember for his genial smile as he conducted on the bandstand. Eddy's magic fingers get him a fill-in job with the Leo Reisman orchestra at the old Central Park Casino and carry him to the elegant hostelry known as the Waldorf-Astoria. In between, Eddy married a young socialite, Marjorie Oelrichs, who died tragically a short time afterward. He spent years running away from their son who was a constant reminder to him of the loss, and then there was a dangerous hitch in the Navy, followed by several years trying to make up to his son for his neglect, until he found himself again with an English girl whom he later married. But even this happiness is not long lasting for, by then, Eddy was stricken with the leukemia which took his life at the height of his success.

This is a sensible, straightforward account of the orchestra leader's life and it has a great deal of charm and simplicity. Tyrone Power is well up to handling the dramatics in the story and his fingerwork at the piano is really amazing. Kim Novak makes Marjorie a lovely creature, one more performance in a career which has been steadily improving. James Whitmore, Frieda Inescourt, Victoria Shaw, and Rex Thompson are called upon for important assistance in the Duchin saga.—*Columbia*.

**CONFIDENTIAL REPORT** is a bizarre film produced, written, and directed by Orson Welles. Mr. Welles is certainly a talented gentleman, something of an egomaniac, who very frequently gobbles up far more than he can masticate in one mouthful. He has been greedy again in *Confidential Report*, a sort of combination *Citizen Kane* and *Mask of Dimitrios*, in which Welles plays Mr. Arkadin, a mysterious, sinister financier who hires a young American (ineptly acted by Robert Arden) to compile a dossier on his past activities. To add complications to the plot, Arkadin keeps close on the heels of the hero, doing in everyone who knows anything of his lurid past. Ultimately

it becomes necessary to polish off the hero as well because he now has the whole truth about Arkadin.

But Welles is an imaginative movie-maker and his film is rich in fantastic characters, such as the leering antique dealer of Michael Redgrave; the half-mad owner of a flea-circus (Mischa Auer); the cynical operator, now retired, of an international vice-ring (Katina Paxinou); a baroness (Suzanne Flon) who works in a Paris dress salon. As the hero moves from one to the other, the film changes in flavor and acquires tone and shading, now subtle, now flamboyant. While this tends to make the film a bit too heady and confusing at times, it is nonetheless an interesting one to follow. Mr. Welles has made his picture a bit *too* special for the average audience, but his fans and those who enjoy the freakish and the outrageous in the movies will have a wonderful time.—*Theatrical and Video Corp.*

**INVITATION TO THE DANCE** is Gene Kelly's pet project—a film, dedicated to the dance, played without any dialogue at all. While I am completely in favor of such experiments in the movies, I feel that Mr. Kelly might have, in this inventive mood, come up with something more than the assortment of clichés which go to make up the three parts of his picture. As if wary of treading on eggshells, Mr. Kelly limits himself to a trio of obvious stories told in pantomime: (1) a clown hopelessly in love with a ballerina who loves a tightrope walker; (2) a rather labored account, à la *La Ronde*, of a bracelet which passes from one set of lovers to another; (3) a version of *Sinbad* in which sailor Kelly clowns around with some cartoon characters.

The actual dancing in the film is almost at a minimum and, only in two minutes or so with Igor Youskevitch and Claire Sombert in the first sequence, does it even distantly qualify as ballet. The midsection seems to be a sort of test of telling a fairly simple story without dialogue and not much dancing. The last is a good sample of cartoon and live character integration and is more of a technical accomplishment than anything else. Mr. Kelly's own choreographic talents are too cir-

cumscribed to encompass what he has tried to do. He would have helped his picture by allowing a more experienced, versatile dance inventor to help out. A promising idea, executed without courage or imagination.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

**SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES ME** is a realistic, unglamorized biography of Rocky Graziano, one-time juvenile delinquent, reform school inmate, and convict who managed to rise above a questionable background to become a respected member of society. This is the moral of the film: that a man may make mistakes, but if he tries to mend his ways, he should be allowed to take an honorable place among his fellow men. Rocky suffers enough for his boyhood misdeeds and for his dishonorable discharge from the service, but the story is not entirely sordid and has a hopeful message which makes more sense than most films of this type. Also, it is one of the few pugilistic movies which to me justifies the fight game at all. In Rocky's case, it is the only talent he has to lift himself out of mediocrity and it proves to be his salvation from crime.

Paul Newman is Rocky, and Pier Angeli the girl whom he marries and who changes his life. Eileen Heckart is his long-suffering mother, Everett Sloane his trainer, and Harold J. Stone his embittered father.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

**FOREIGN INTRIGUE** has some spectacular color work in several European countries as it tells the story of an American secretary to a diplomatic Croesus whose death on the Riviera causes a minor international upheaval. In tracking down the history of his mysterious employer, the hero discovers ultimately that he was running a large-scale blackmail ring which involved some of the most important figures on the Continent, among them several top-echelon diplomats.

The plot ingredients in *Foreign Intrigue* may be a little on the juvenile side, but it is performed with the energy and tongue-in-cheek humor which has made Sheldon Reynolds' TV series so successful. Robert Mitchum is more relaxed than usual as the

snoopy hero and he gets most decorative assistance from Genevieve Page and Ingrid Tulean, and sturdy support from a delightfully likable menace, Frederick O'Brady, a paid assassin.—*United Artists.*

**THE AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER** starts out with a jaunty air as a visiting American senator and his wife arrive in Paris. He is set upon declaring the city off-limits to U. S. servicemen until the ambassador's daughter, who bristles at the idea that all GI's on leave in Paris are interested only in drinking and romancing, sets out to prove otherwise by a conclusive test of her own. In the meantime, the senator, his wife, the ambassador, and the girl's fiancé sit back and observe as she gets herself picked up by a soldier. About one-third of the way through, the humor starts running out and the plot starts wheezing uphill. The cast struggles desperately to cover up this shortage of material but the reels keep rolling on.

Olivia de Havilland looks remarkably attractive in the leading role, but she quite soon switches over to an expression of despair and seems positively agonized that she ever got herself involved in the whole mess. John Forsythe is her admirer, Adolphe Menjou and Myrna Loy the visitors, and Edward Arnold the ambassador. Tommy Noonan is on hand for some of the most painful comedy of the season. But it probably isn't his fault since director Norman Krasna has muffed even less cliché elements in his film.—*United Artists.*

**AWAY ALL BOATS** is a masculine drama which does a bang-up job of telling everything about life aboard an attack transport both on a shakedown cruise and under fire. Based on a workmanlike novel by Kenneth Dodson, which was, as I remember it, not exactly bursting with plot, but was more concerned with being the definitive piece of fiction about the behavior of navy personnel when they are stuck on board a transport for months at a time. The film adheres closely to Mr. Dodson's approach and, in its avoidance of superfluous violence and typical Hollywood romance, it has con-

siderable integrity as a distinguished wartime drama. Not so much in its favor is the fact that what *Away All Boats* says has already been said in many, many earlier service films. Timing is against the wholesale acceptance of this movie just now.

From a viewpoint of acting, the picture is studded with solid performances. Jeff Chandler, as the martinet-like skipper, who deliberately makes himself unpopular with his men so that they can vent their anger, which stems from boredom, on him, is stoutly convincing, as is George Nader as his second-in-command. The other crew members and officers are fairly representative of what one finds in such a milieu but they are given sharpness and definition under Joseph Pevney's direction and there are clear-cut portrayals from Lex Barker, Richard Boone, Grant Williams, Keith Andes, and William Reynolds. — *Universal-International.*

**THE PROUD ONES** belongs to the current genre of psychological Westerns. Its principals are an incorruptible marshal (Robert Ryan) who is going blind, a hot-tempered young gun-slinger (Jeffrey Hunter) who can't decide whether he'll be a good guy or a bad one like his father, and Robert Middleton, a saloon keeper who wants to get the marshal removed from office. There is a slight romantic angle in Virginia Mayo, the most decorative boarding-house keeper I've ever encountered in any movie. When Miss Mayo serves hash, the plates fairly sizzle.

There isn't anything especially distinguished about *The Proud Ones* (a somewhat baffling title, by the way) but you won't find a slicker, more enjoyable Western of this type around anywhere else these days. — *20th Century-Fox.*

**23 PACES TO BAKER STREET** is a competent suspense piece about a blind playwright (Van Johnson) who overhears a scrap of conversation in a bar-room. From this he deduces that there is some dirty work afoot and it is up to him to persuade the police to lend a hand in forestalling whatever may happen. It takes far too much time for

the astute playwright to sort out everything he heard into a clear picture and beat the culprits to their quarry in the nick of time, but the picture, nonetheless, has its moments along the way. Despite a number of holes in the plotting, the mystery remains fairly airtight. Besides Johnson who is credible enough, there are Cecil Parker, Estelle Winwood, and Liam Redmond as assorted English types who live up the duller stretches. — *20th Century-Fox.*

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**THE** summer doldrums have settled upon television and we have reached that season of the year when there are more old movies being used than ever before, a collection of re-runs of popular shows of the past year, and a brace of new formats which are being tested out on an audience which is, because of the heat, less exacting than a mid-winter one.

The end of the season wasn't precisely distinguished either. There was a vapid version of *Bloomer Girl* which was done as a spectacular, but this again brought up the question of whether TV wouldn't be doing itself a favor by sticking to originals rather than spending a lot of money on some show which Broadway saw a dozen years ago or one which the movies did in the pre-wide screen era. This distinction between the tastes of the TV audiences (which are remarkably backward, if one can rely on the TV program planners) and those of the movie and stage audiences is certainly unfair to the home-viewer. Why, the movies haven't done a backstage musical in years (two sisters both in love with the breezy stage manager. Climax: older sister walks out on the show on opening night to give the kid her big chance, both with Broadway and their mutually-adored boy friend) and the stage hasn't had an old-fashioned "plotty" musical since *Oklahoma!* turned up. But TV continues to get these turkeys from three decades ago, all done up with lots of glue and paint which doesn't fool anybody for a minute into accepting them as representative of the contemporary theater. If we must have antique musicals, why not do them in period without

updating the costumes and the scenery? After all, *No, No, Nanette* in its 20's garb, with a little of that broad touch the English used in *The Boy Friend*, would be a lot more interesting than that labored nonsense about Dolly Bloomer and her girls.

I hope that over the summer some sensational new comedian saunters into a TV studio and kicks the chair out from under any talent scout who happens to be perusing *The Racing Form* at the time. We are in need of a comic with a swift, subtle sense of satire. I assume that the TV people are afraid to unleash a really good satirist on the public—one remembers the sad fate of the late Fred Allen when he tripped into TV with his old radio show, and the curiously disappointing impact of Bob and Ray, Jack Paar, and

Ernie Kovacs. Maybe this is a kind of defense mechanism because a scathing satirist might turn the hose on the television industry itself.

I don't know how you feel about it, but I'm sick to death of drawling, soft-spoken comedians. I don't care if I never watch Martha Raye or Milton Berle crawl halfway up the side curtains, and I wouldn't walk across the street for George Gobel's best routine. What I would like is some sassy comic like Beatrice Lillie to come on and tear through those musty TV studios like Hurricane Gertie. The whole set-up for comedians needs an airing. After all, night clubs are having no trouble turning up brilliant satirists. Home-spun humor has had it, as has that school of intrepid muggers who devour both the scenery and their guest stars.

## *A Small Boy's World*

by DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

*A SMALL boy's world is never bound  
By seas nor continents nor skies  
That cover all the universe.  
His only world is that which lies  
Within a greening wood or meadow,  
Beside a thawing stream that goes  
With silver laughter in its voice.  
The only populace he knows  
Is frogs and puppies, butterflies,  
Brown lizards on a garden walk,  
Striped chipmunks in an apple tree.  
They are his world and he will talk  
To them until the setting sun  
Has ordered him to bed and drawn  
The twilight's eerie shadows in  
To thread his dreams again till dawn.  
This is the world a small boy knows  
Only a stone's throw from his mind—  
And to his lonely grave perhaps  
The best world he shall ever find.*



# THEATER



BY *Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt*

**THE MOST HAPPY FELLA.** — The wine-flavored fertility of the Napa Valley was the scene for Sidney Howard's drama *They Knew What They Wanted* now the basis for an operetta by Frank Loesser. Mr. Loesser who composed the crackling score for *Guys and Dolls* has this time created not only the music and lyrics but also the book. With more recitative than dialogue, *Most Happy Fella* is a combination of opera and musical or Menotti plus Cole Porter as Mr. Loesser has retained the familiar trappings of the musical—the comics and the dancing chorus. Howard's pitifully sordid story, however, does not lend itself too happily to such treatment. The dramatic tension is broken by choreographic interruptions while the musical comedy is rather like a pleasure boat threatened by the waves as the plot keeps dousing the gaiety.

The story is of the little waitress in San Francisco wooed by mail by a rich old vintner in the Valley who dishonestly puts the picture of his young foreman in the letter proposing matrimony. On his way to the train to meet his bride, Tony meets with an accident and is carried home with broken bones which gives the foreman time to console the bride. When later that summer, Rosabella comes to love Tony for his good heart, she finds she is carrying the foreman's child. Rosabella tries to run away but Tony overtakes and forgives her.

The play, though never a great one, has not been improved by its musical version which has completely stultified all the characters except Tony.

Howard's seducer was aptly a "Wobbly," the 1925 brand of "Commie," who had been befriended by Tony and who feels a tincture of remorse but Loesser's foreman is just a big stock type of ranchman who might have stepped out of *Oklahoma!* Howard's Amy, the waitress, as played by Pauline Lord, was a character study of bravado and weakness, courage and pathos which dominated the play. Rosabella is now a pretty musical comedy heroine very prettily sung by Jo Sullivan and Loesser has succeeded in making Tony, as sung by Robert Weede, the center of the play.

More opportunity for character is given to Cleo, the comic waitress who opens the show, singing "My Poor Feet." Susan Johnson makes the most of it and when she reaches the Valley in Act II she finds her comic mate in Shorty Long but I can't remember what she sings with him as none of the songs are listed on the program.

Mr. Loesser has found a convenient way of writing lyrics by repeating the first line through most of the stanza such "Young people gotta dance, dance, dance, etc., etc.," but it's really a relief after incessant rhyming. Mr. Weede has a fine rich voice and sings with warmth and generosity. The trio of vineyard chefs introduce welcome refrains from Italy. There are also plenty of neighbors in the Napa Valley who wear the colors that tone in with Jo Mielziner's horizons of ripening vines and general prosperity. *Most Happy Fella* tends to be luscious and perhaps over-ripe. Mr. Loesser chose the wrong story.—*At the Imperial.*

**THE ICEMAN COMETH.**—The intimacy of the arena stage is a potent factor in this revival of Eugene O'Neill's searching analysis of men at the bottom of the ladder—lodgers in Harry Hope's Raines Law Hotel of the twenties where the derelicts befriended by Harry slowly reveal themselves but so surely that by the end of the evening each one has a silhouette in memory. There is no denying that the evening is a long one. When originally produced by the Theater Guild in 1946 there was an hour and a half break for dinner after Act I; now there are three short intermissions and it is difficult for me to say whether it was due to fatigue that I found Act I the most vital and Hickey's confession in Act IV less explosive than when spoken by James Barton in '46. At any rate it seems incredible that anyone can sit for over four hours listening to a group of social outcasts. That no one leaves seems to prove the haunted genius of O'Neill.

No doubt the prototypes of Harry Hope's guests were drawn from O'Neill's own experience. The greater tragedy is that they are not men of low caliber or degree. There is the British Captain who cheated his Mess; the Boer who surrendered his command; the Harvard Law School graduate whose father was a swindler; the ex-war correspondent, ex-leftwing editor; ex-circus con man; ex-police lieutenant and Larry, ex-anarchist and philosopher who left the "Movement" on account of a woman but prefers to think he felt about the "Movement" as Horace Walpole felt about England: "I could love her were it not for the people."

To Larry, Harry's bar is the "End of the Line Café," "Bedrock Bar," "Bottom of the Sea Rathskeller." Yet the hopeless unconsciously cling to hope. There is still the shred of self-respect to which these dregs of mankind must cling; the pipedream that the past may always be bypassed if ever they once decide to reclaim their old life. Harry Hope himself excuses his own alcoholism with the fiction of his grieving widowhood. Even the bartender and the streetwalkers try to call their jobs by other names.

It is Hickey the drummer who breezes in with the big idea that each

one of them must face Truth. He has done so and it has cured him of drink. It is Hickey who cajoles, persuades and bullies them all into testing the reality of their pipedreams. Next day they go out one by one through the saloon's swing doors. At least that is what they did on the stage in the first production. Now they are seen through a window ascending some steps and a certain finality suggested by the doors swinging back is lost.

Of course they all return completely deflated with their last grip on the handrail of hope broken off. Drink brings them no relief. Hickey sees their despair. He tells them, at last, how he has faced reality himself. He had told them that Evelyn, the wife he loved so much, is dead but now he confesses that he shot her as the only way to bring her peace but that after he shot her, he realized that it was not because he loved her but because he hated her for forgiving him so much. That he couldn't stand her pipedream of his never hurting her again. But, as the cops Hickey sent for close in on him, he realizes that he can't face either life or death without Evelyn's love. "I couldn't have said that," he cried, "I must have gone insane—I must have gone insane—" Crazy? Harry and his friends look up. If Hickey was crazy then their pipedreams are safe. They return to their whisky. All except Larry who has found there is still a stirring of emotion in his heart.

O'Neill has found humor in Harry Hope's saloon as Shakespeare did in the Boar's Head Tavern. Ugly words are used but compared to Tennessee Williams, the atmosphere seems clean. The derelicts still honor a certain code. Writing with compassion, O'Neill sees these wretched human failures as human souls. In the present production both the men and the setting are shabbier than on the stage when Robert Edmond Jones designed the set.

Excellent as is the present cast it does not seem any better than the original with Dudley Digges as Harry Hope; Carl Benton Reid as Larry; E. G. Marshall as the Harvard man and James Barton as Hickey. Farrell Pelly as Harry; Conrad Bain as Larry and Jason Robards, Jr., as Hickey are now outstanding.

José Quintero, as director, has brought out the rhythm of the prose and has selected carefully the different timbre of the voices. He seems to have introduced more movement than I remember in the production directed by Eddie Dowling. Mr. Quintero has also made palpable the underlying romanticism of O'Neill and his belief in the impossibility of man living without hope—in other words without God. But he chose a terribly sordid approach to the ideal, so differently expressed in *Marco Millions*. When will Marco be revived?—*At Circle-in-the-Square*.

**THE LITTLEST REVUE.**—Ben Bagley, responsible for the *Shoestring Revue* in '54 which had some odd novelties and some old oddities—too ancient for anyone but me to remember—has now come up with a new agenda for revues, a recipe which avoids the spectacular while keeping the pattern small and the pace very rapid. The result is that the memory of the evening remains a tuncful blur—probably just as well as innocence is not its keynote.

Eight young players, four girls and four boys, sing, dance and act in such truncated scenes that literally one hasn't the time to be bored or shocked or even the time to applaud. The blue background and the few amusing props are all most delightfully designed and lighted by Klaus Holm and provide unusual settings for the songs with piquant choreography by Charles Weidman.

If any one person stands out from her companions, it is Charlotte Rae in character parts and in an unusual madrigal sung in medieval garb but ultra-modern in tone called the "Shape of Things" in which a *New Yorker* type tale takes rectangular, oblong or triangular form. Ogden Nash and John Latouche have also contributed ditties and there is a modern version of "Summer Is Icumen In." The tamest skit is by Eudora Welty about the last days of the Hotel Brevoort which her Southern imagination peopled with old New Yorkers who had really moved to the old Murray Hill Hotel after the Brevoort was absorbed by the "Village."

One usually remembers a revue by something one especially liked or disliked. At the Phoenix if the peaks are lower, the valleys are higher which raises the average, but sophistication is the fashion. Can it be suggested as an excuse that the one blatantly off-color skit runs for barely three minutes?—*At the Phoenix*.

**CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY.**—It is hard to understand why City Center has not been overcrowded every night when extremely fine revivals were on the stage. Of course they will make up the deficit of \$10,000 this season but they should do more than that because they offer excellent productions for half what they cost on Broadway. How a musical can be rehearsed and produced for only a three weeks' run and earn a profit is still a minor miracle. In *The King and I* City Center was very fortunate in procuring the original Mielziner sets and the authentic Siamese costumes from the touring company, and for *Carmen Jones*, Raoul Pene Du Bois's striking décor and costumes are out of Billy Rose's warehouse. *The King and I* drew larger audiences than *Kiss Me Kate* which may mean that the screen version of the latter was too good. It is pleasant to add that *Carmen Jones* seems almost the best of the three revivals, with beautiful décor and dynamic action.

What struck me most forcibly about *Kiss Me Kate*—the Cole Porter version of *The Taming of the Shrew*—was how well the scenes that were left in from Shakespeare still played sandwiched in as they were with the modern story, and secondly how little Shakespeare Cole Porter had inserted. It was also evident that we are living in a far coarser age than the Elizabethans when it comes to such songs as "Too Darn Hot." That had nothing whatsoever to do with Kate but in the delightful "We Open in Venice" and "I Hate Men" Mr. Porter was in tune with the play. Kitty Carlisle and David Atkinson had presence and good voices and sense of comedy. What was missing were the inimitably imaginative designs by Lemuel Ayers for the décor.

# BOOKS



## NOVELS REVIEWED BY *Riley Hughes*

### A THING OF BEAUTY

by A. J. Cronin

*Little, Brown.* \$4.00

"The Democrats are always right, but never in their own lifetime," Mr. Dooley once confided. In *A Thing of Beauty*, A. J. Cronin is powerfully persuasive in behalf of the proposition that artists are always right. (Artists, not the Royal Academy crowd.) And he is appalled and furious over the neglect artists suffer in their own lifetime. The author's generating anger might have resulted in a dreary tract in another's hands, but Dr. Cronin's narrative skill provides argument in depth. One ends up believing in Stephen Desmonde as an artist equally as much as one believes he was shamefully wronged.

His father's ambition for Stephen is to have him succeed as rector of the Anglican country parish Bertram Desmonde has served for many years. Bertram is willing to let Stephen have a "gentleman's" interest in art, but no more. Stephen studies for the ministry for a while; he soon escapes to Paris and serious study. It takes him some time to shake off the dilettantes and the frauds. Slowly he begins to achieve his own style. Two episodes, among many, reflect Stephen's devotion to the life of sacrifice for art: with Peyrat, an atheist who has an intense devotion to St. Teresa of Avila, he tours Spain, like a destitute Quixote. As an established artist, he receives a commission to do a series of war memorial panels, only to be savagely rejected for the realism of his work. He dies of tuberculosis (contracted in Spain), just as

the dealers and the art world discover him to be a modern master.

Dr. Cronin is at great pains to show that Stephen is not a "Bohemian" in the popular sense. His devotion to his work and his poverty, also a certain English innocence, keep him from the fleshpots of Paris. When he does fall, it is with Jenny, the English servant girl, and they go to a registry office the morning after.

### A SINGLE PEBBLE

by John Hersey

*Knopf.* \$3.00

*A Single Pebble* opens a window on a vivid scene from a past recent in time and yet, in the political and social sense, appallingly remote. The narrator of this novel, whose time is in the 1920's, is an American engineer traveling by junk up the Yangtze. To the young American it seems that there are "hundreds of miles of hydroelectric promises ahead"; to the junk's captain and his pretty young wife there is just the river, as timeless and inexorable as the forces that rule their lives.

Before the slow journey is finished—for long spaces they proceed canal-fashion, tugged by laborers ashore—the engineer is willing to conclude that "perhaps a millenium-in-a-day was after all not something that could be bestowed." For a while the engineer is close to the mystery of enigmatic lives; he feels "perhaps the very first stirring of understanding" brought about by "a place that demanded awe." *A Single Pebble* is a marvelous evocation of a magic moment, an almost flawlessness recapturing of a time past.

**THE BURNING JEWEL**

by Teresa Kay

*Appleton-Century-Crofts.* \$3.75

In *A Crown for Ashes* Miss Kay gave us a moving and relatively straightforward account of the death of Budapest as a Western capital; her second novel is a marvelously indirect and exquisitely fashioned account of a marriage which begins in death and ends in life. *The Burning Jewel* places Miss Kay in the front rank of American Catholic writers, for though she is English-born and a Hungarian by marriage, we may claim her now through her California residence. We should wish to claim her too, for the stylistic sophistication of *The Burning Jewel* would alone make it a significant achievement.

To put directly a story whose subtle charm and effectiveness lie in the indirection of its telling, this is the account of the marriage of Lindon and Laura Herm and their son Robin. The Herms are an English diplomatic family living in Central Europe in the relatively spacious days before the Second World War. Lindon is the product of landed gentry on his father's side; his mother is Irish, lower class, and a former actress. To his own marriage Lindon brings the resentments and complications of his parents' marriage, with tragic results for Robin, but finally with a release for himself and Laura. This reader was not wholly, thoroughly convinced by the ending—perhaps because he was put off a bit by its symbolism—but nonetheless, *The Burning Jewel* is a novel whose story is compelling, and whose characters have great worth as well as distressed humanity. Highly, warmly recommended.

**THE FLIGHT FROM THE ENCHANTER**

by Iris Murdoch

*Viking.* \$3.75

Who, one wonders, is Calvin Blick? This is perhaps the second most important question the reader of this highly intriguing, vexingly opaque novel will be likely to ask. The most important question, of course, is exactly what does Miss Murdoch intend; that is, is this an existentialist novel, or, possibly, a satire on existentialism? And may one legitimately use the methods of existentialism (one speaks

here of artistic legitimacy) to satirize it?

This reader's (tentative) answer to the first question is that Calvin Blick, a sinister photographer, is intended to be the devil, or at least a devil. Blick specializes in taking compromising pictures for the purpose of blackmail. For a time Mischa Fox seems the more sinister of this odd pair, and then one realizes that Fox has his strange power over many lives precisely because he is in Blick's power. (Is Miss Murdoch trying to tell us that when one lives without volition, evil takes over the will?) Everywhere one meets ambiguities. A suicide scene seems to be a meditation upon the Passion. Surrealist scenes are often succeeded by comic scenes straight from the comic tradition of the English novel—a curious mixture of Dada and Dickens. Whatever *The Flight from the Enchanter* may finally mean, it presents a tangible experience of a searching and indeed harrowing kind.

**THE SUDDEN STRANGERS**

by William E. Barrett

*Doubleday.* \$3.95

The author of *The Left Hand of God* once again presents his protagonist with an unusual set of circumstances. Bart McBride is a strong, healthy, yet disturbed young man. He is a small-time professional baseball player. He is not exactly tragically unhappy, but he is very much ill at ease, very much at the crossroads. His problem in working out a pattern for himself—and here is where the highly unusual circumstances come in—is given a weird highlight by the fact that his separated parents are a Broadway musical comedy actress and a religious brother in a monastery! To which world should Bart have loyalty?

Well, first he has to get to know his father. Brother Anselm is where he is after being straightened out by Alcoholics Anonymous; and behind that there is a story. Bart's mother (Dorinda Daly in the light bulbs) tries to help matters by throwing her pretty secretary, Mary, at Bart's head. A kind of pride and prejudice routine transpires. Everything is cleared up after Bart straightens out the business of Aleta's baby he thought he'd fathered.

In the end Bart "knew that he was no longer standing irresolute before the showcase of God." Within its highly artificial limits, and giving it a waiver for highly sentimental language and gestures, *The Sudden Strangers* works its problem out in terms of good drama and eminent good sense.

#### THE FALL OF A SPARROW

by Nigel Balchin  
Rinehart. \$3.75

In *The Fall of a Sparrow* Mr. Balchin tells the intricate story of a young man "of good family" whose unhappy career as a neurotic and compulsive liar results in his being indicted for theft. The book hands down a compelling indictment of the England of pre-war years, an England which kept giving in to the inroads of fascism. It was this climate of hypocrisy which caused Jason Pellow, in neurotic reaction, to take up in uncommitted fashion, the cause of the left. When peace comes again, the neurotic reaction takes the form of rebelling against society's hypocrisy through crime.

After a prologue showing Jason at bay in the courtroom, Mr. Balchin's framework consists of taking phrases used by the trial judge and showing the reality behind them. "The Son of a Distinguished Soldier"—but Jason's father was a horrible bully who ended his life as a madman. "Given a First-class Education"—this at an English public school where Jason was hazed and bullied unmercifully. "The Honor to Hold His Majesty's Commission"—of this stage of Jason's life a friend wrote to the narrator of Jason's story: "beneath a cloak of bonhomous eccentricity, the lad seems to be carrying about a death wish the size of an elephant." And lastly, "Good Friends Who Have Helped You"—if that includes marriage to Kathy, an accomplished sadist, it is the unkindest cut of all. Poor Jason was hopeless from the start, yet not so hopeless that the discerning reader will refuse to care and ponder.

#### THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND

by Marion Hargrove  
Viking. \$2.95

Mr. (formerly Private) Hargrove was the undisputed prose laureate of Army

life—on the level of military nomenclature and madly non-civilian usage—of the recent War. Writing an overwhelmingly successful book is not always the best apprenticeship to sustained authorship, however, as the book intervening between the best-selling first book and the present offering can testify. So can this mild, generally inoffensive, somewhat lame-brained number.

*The Girl He Left Behind* celebrates, in the short and blissful saga of Andy Schaeffer, the "new" Army, the polite one—the "quiet, stodgy, inoffensive old corporation, dedicated to efficiency, morality, and the importance of being Well-Liked." Andy is something of a stinker, and the main problem is: will the polite new Army fall back into being the roaring, insensitive old Army when faced with this artful dodger and super gold-brick? Not much of a problem really, for sure enough, in no time Andy is "double-timing and sounding off until hell won't have it." Social ostracism by one's colleagues seems to be the stiffest weapon against Andy. It helps, too, when he keeps a live grenade from exploding and killing all hands. "A very nice gesture," is Fox Company's verdict. The verdict on these 191 pages: they would make a very nice short story for the slicks.

#### THE DISPOSSESSED

by Geoffrey Wagner  
Davin-Adair. \$3.50

It is always pleasant in this age of pious deference to the secular conformities to see a Sacred Cow come under scrutiny. Most sacred of cows in our generation has been the cult of the psychiatrist. Psychiatry is almost everywhere in the secular world taken uncritically as a Good Thing. Whether or not it is, as angrily charged in these brilliant and forceful pages, quite "the new Scotland Yard of the soul," psychiatry, more particularly psychiatry-worship, needs to be taken down a few pegs.

In his formidable case history of a British officer who is "concussed" in the War and assigned to the "head-shrinkers," Mr. Wagner probes with bitter and ironic emphasis the lordly assumptions of the "schools." Dick



Terrell is invalidated out of the British army as a "constitutional inferior," a meaningless tag that dogs his civilian career, bringing it, in fact, to a tragic end. Terrell cannot get his old civilian job as industrial chemist back; finally he is hired by a rival firm and put in charge of an important operation. When the works literally blow up, the real culprits hide behind Terrell's case history. He is able to come to America with his American wife; he lands a teaching job in a liberal college (every-

body's neurotic there), and for a time all seems to be well. But a series of most improbable circumstances reach out to destroy him—and the effectiveness of Mr. Wagner's eloquent argument.

The story is several times interrupted for long tirades against psychiatry—valid as they undoubtedly are, they ring hollow in the context of fiction. Not for the kiddies, this is a powerful book which misses through over-statement.



## Other New Books

### CHALLENGE TO ACTION

by Msgr. Joseph Cardijn  
translated by Rev. Eugene Langdale  
*Fides*. \$2.50

### THE ROLE OF THE LAITY IN THE CHURCH

by Msgr. Gerard Philips  
translated by John P. Gibert  
and James W. Moudry  
*Fides*. \$3.25

The Divine Son of God became truly man. In that sense Christianity must always be a popular front, as broad and close to every man as the humanity he shares in common with His Savior. The lay apostolate may then be a late flower but it is truly indigenous to Christian soil.

The books reviewed here treat of the two necessary poles of the lay movement today, or any day, of action and orthodoxy. While Canon Cardijn's translated addresses describe the action of the shop, the street, the union, all of the basic worker's milieu, *The*

*Role of the Laity in the Church* defines the extent to which an even wider lay action may extend. It gives a comprehensive, profound treatment of the frontiers of Catholic Action as it approaches or parallels the inner life and workings of the Church.

The value of Canon Cardijn's book lies in its enthusiasm and practicality. These addresses, most of them given in recent years, are the type that bespeak their own validity by the proven, concrete nature of their matter. They are spoken to the ordinary working young man or woman, and are alive with hope. Their fault lies in the repetition of many ideas, and in the manner in which they are addressed, in other words, to shop people, to labor forces, to the comrade-in-arms type of Catholic worker.

We have more at hand than that today. In America there is a large group of individualistic, talented, professional, and loyal Catholic laymen. If

this is not a presumption, then one of our greatest needs is the encouragement of such people to give to the influential society in which they are already leaders, the further leadership of their faith.

The work of Monsignor Philips does not fill in this gap. *The Role of the Laity in the Church* will help the more intelligent group of Catholic laymen, however, to feel a sense of invitation and spiritual ambition. It is high time that capable Catholic laymen took full responsibility for what only the layman can do. He will see here not only what his limits might be, but also a description of the great part his life and deeds will play in the mystery of the complete life of the Church.

WALTER DALTON, C.S.P.

#### RICHARD RAYNAL, SOLITARY

by Robert Hugh Benson  
*Regnery.* \$3.50

The book named above was written a half century ago shortly after its author—convert son of Archbishop Benson, ecclesiastical head of the Church of England—had been ordained a Catholic priest. Speaking to the present reviewer some years later, Benson named *Richard Raynal* as his favorite of the many works that by then had come from his pen. It had not become the favorite of his readers, however; and it remained relatively unknown while, one after another, his novels were developing into best sellers. As Martindale's fine biography makes plain, *Richard Raynal* reflected a deep, lifelong, mystic strain in Benson's personality; and it served almost as a sort of symbol of those aspirations which recurrently suggested to him the possibility of applying for entrance into the novitiate of a contemplative order.

In an enlightening introduction to this new edition of *Richard Raynal*, Evelyn Waugh describes it as a good choice for the promoting of a revival of interest in Benson's works which have largely been relegated to the school libraries for the last quarter century, but are now beginning to exercise a wider appeal. In contrast with Benson's quickly successful fiction, *Richard Raynal* was presented as a translation of an old manuscript in an

### FOR SUMMER READING

#### VIRGINITY

By Joseph M. Perrin, O.P.

A study of virginity based on the traditional teaching of the Church and showing what it is in our own day as well as in the first centuries of Christianity. The author considers the fruits of virginity, the practical difficulties involved and the conditions necessary for its achievement. \$2.75

#### DEATH: THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE

By David L. Greenstock

The underlying purpose of this book is to bring home in simple language those great truths of Faith which will enable death to be looked forward to as the "Gateway of Life." \$2.00

#### FRANCO OF SPAIN

By S.F.A. Coles

Written by a leading British political reporter this biography of General Franco goes beyond the man himself; it enables the reader to understand the highly individualistic character of the diverse Iberian people and presents the story of their tragic Civil War. \$4.00

#### A LITTLE LEARNING

By Walter J. Handren, S.J.

A useful handbook for college students dealing with the proper environment, philosophy, and technique of study, and laying down those principles that assure success in college work. \$3.50

#### IN RETREAT WITH THE SACRED HEART

By François Charmot, S.J., translated by Sister Maria Constance

A unique book of meditations in the format of verse, strophe, and dialogue, patterned somewhat after the manner of the psalms in order to facilitate spiritual reflection. \$3.00

Wherever Good Books are Sold

THE NEWMAN PRESS

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attempt to give it color. It is actually the imaginative story of an anchorite who lived in prayerful peace until summoned supernaturally to carry a message to the King, thus being thrust into suffering and death. Benson was surprised and indeed annoyed, when he found that some readers looked upon the book as historical; he meant it to be only a striking suggestion of what can happen and does happen in mystical souls. Understood as he wished us to understand it, perhaps it will actually do for contemporary readers what it failed to achieve a half century ago.

JOSEPH MCSORLEY, C.S.P.

#### BUTLER'S LIVES OF THE SAINTS

Volumes I-IV, Inc.

edited by Herbert Thurston, S.J.  
and Donald Attwater  
*Kenedy*. \$39.50

These four volumes are a revision of Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*. In binding, typography and format this handsome set is worthy of the commendation of craftsmen as the text is worthy of the praise of literary and historical experts.

This edition is really a revision of a revision. The original classic was published over 150 years ago. Thirty years ago, Father Thurston began to publish his revision of the original and the work was finished by Donald Attwater in 1938. This second revision, now published, is also the work of Mr. Attwater. In his editing, Mr. Attwater has had in mind an audience of ordinary Catholics rather than professional hagiographers. He has succeeded admirably in giving short, authentic and eminently readable accounts of the principal saints' lives. The present version contains the incredible total of 2,565 entries.

Each volume contains an index by name and date, while Volume IV also has a complete index.

The editor shows a large measure of reverent admiration for the original, and yet he has not hesitated to treat the text "with scant respect" where necessary. Butler's style tended to be verbose, florid, unrhythmical and very, very French, and Mr. Attwater has changed it over adroitly into modern English. Original footnotes, now dated

as result of scholarly research, have been dispensed with. Yet withal he has preserved the devotional unction of the original. Both editor and publisher are to be commended for this magnificent contribution to the treasury of Catholic biography.

JOHN B. SHEERIN, C.S.P.

#### THE SUPREME COURT SPEAKS

by Jerre S. Williams

*University of Texas Press*. \$5.95

To compile the texts of "important" U. S. Supreme Court opinions within a single volume is an undertaking replete with serious pitfalls. By what standard are "important" opinions selected? What combination of individual opinions will present, with some degree of precision, the development of the Court's interpretation of general constitutional phrases during a given historical period? What opinions will mirror, again with some degree of precision, the mind-set of the Justices who wrote them? In his foreword, Mr. Williams explains what he means to do, what standards of selection he uses, what he is not even attempting. This should spare him criticism for not achieving what he has not attempted.

This book is meant for laymen, not for constitutional scholars. Texts of opinions are given in full except when it is necessary to delete technical matters and side issues in the interests of clarity. Dissenting opinions rather than majority are given for those cases in which the dissenting opinion currently has greater value.

Opinions to be included were chosen for three considerations: first, those cases which are of moment historically and currently giving proof of the constant role the Court has played in vitalization of the Constitution; second, those cases engendering opinions that have merit as truly great literature; third, those cases that reveal in interesting fashion the broad sweep of legal problems which confront the Court. Not all the cases, of course, embody all three considerations.

Because the evolving interpretation of the Constitution is influenced by the personality of the Justices, their backgrounds, their social and economic predilections, etc., the author presents crisp biographical data of individual

Justices which make persons out of mere judicial names. Mr. Williams makes no claim however, of offering a "representative" opinion of each Justice.

The brief explanation in the forward of how nine strong-minded Justices arrive at a majority will be enlightening to any interested layman.

This reviewer would question a few selections and particular statements of Mr. Williams. The characterization of Justice Taney, for example, seems one-sided, despite Mr. Williams' insistence that he is not giving a total view of that Justice. Again, the failure to distinguish between the intentions of some of the advocates of the Fourteenth Amendment and the intentions of those men who ratified it, leaves the early interpretation of that Amendment somewhat inaccurate. The author's judgment on the value of the technique used by the Supreme Court in the recent school segregation case may be premature prophecy.

However, Mr. Williams' book is valuable because it offers the American layman a collection of classic Supreme Court opinions, with running commentary which relates each case to the evolution of American constitutional law.

MARY CLARKE, PH.D.

#### THE ARCHBISHOP AND THE LADY

by Michael de la Bedoyère

*Pantheon.* \$3.50

This unusual and almost startling title reintroduces the story of an old, famous, seventeenth-century theological dispute about the nature of mysticism. The "Lady" is Madame Guyon, who would be as well known as Helen of Troy or Cleopatra of Egypt, if disputes about prayer interested people as much as the tales of ancient wars. Madame Guyon was enmeshed in long, drawn out quarrels that involved Louis XIV, "the Grand Monarch," and his uncrowned queen, Madame de Maintenon; two popes, Innocent XI and Innocent XII; Bossuet and Fénelon, the two leading churchmen of the day; and many prelates and diplomats of various countries. In the background was the enigmatic Miguel de Molinos, a Spanish priest residing in Rome, condemned in 1687 because his spiritual teaching was linked with a movement

that promoted an unchristian and immoral conception of "pure prayer." This system described perfection as a passive state in which the soul would neither desire God nor resist carnal temptation. The question of the relationship between Quietism and Madame Guyon's teaching, raised a problem which shook all Europe in her lifetime and is still unsettled today.

Fénelon was her loyal friend; but against her was Bossuet, supported by Madame de Maintenon, and therefore by the power of the throne. Madame Guyon was imprisoned in the Bastille—never really to enjoy freedom again. Fénelon's little book, *Maxims of the Saints*, was condemned by the Holy See. The immediate consequences of the facts just mentioned was the spread of a profound suspicion of mysticism and a strong reaction against the practice of contemplative prayer. Fortunately enough, the Jesuits, who had been among the first to point out the dangers of Quietism, were now ready and willing to rescue the true Christian tradition. In this activity, a certain primacy attached to the name of the Jesuit, Père Caussade, the writer to whom we are indebted for the priceless little book, *Abandonment*. Caussade published an explanatory comment on Bossuet's book, *Instructions on Prayer*, and under the protection of this unassailable authority, presented an impressive and effective appeal in favor of the correct mystical teaching that had come down from Catholic antiquity.

Madame Guyon's works were published in forty volumes half a century after her death; and an English translation of her autobiography appeared after she had been dead a hundred and thirty years. Protestants have more than once claimed her as their own; and T. C. Upham, who wrote her life in 1847, described her as a Protestant saint, "quite absurdly," Msgr. Knox says, "because she was stubbornly Catholic."

Within recent years, several distinguished Catholic writers have discussed Madame Guyon: Abbé Bremond, sympathetic on the whole; Msgr. Knox, critical but not unfair; Mr. de la Bedoyère, who is less critical than the other two. Of these three,

Knox is the most thorough. He bases each criticism on direct quotations from Madame Guyon herself; and no one reading these quotations would deny that they reflect neurotic disturbance. Mr. de la Bedoyère seems not to have carefully coordinated his own impressions—a defect easy enough to understand in dealing with so puzzling a situation. He could have been more cautious, and perhaps much less sentimental. On page 145 he makes the sweeping statement that, "To this day Catholic bishops are always terrified of any outward suspicion of differences between them." Alluding picturesquely to Bossuet, Fénelon and Guyon as the Eagle, the Swan, and the Dove, he thus describes the result of Fénelon's intervention: "Yet the 'Swan' bruised and shaken, withstood the plunge of the 'Eagle,' and in the end saved the 'Dove.'" At the end of a Prologue, entitled "The Swan meets the Dove," he sums up the situation thus: "The Swan, destined for a life of stately and placid grandeur, had turned aside, lured by the Dove to explore the mysteries of 'Pure Love'; and when she lay, wounded and bleeding, he was to stand by her and defend her secret." JOSEPH MCSORLEY, C.S.P.

#### DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER

by William Brinkley  
Random House. 83.95

A yarn about public relations officers in the United States Navy has every right to be humorous. The author believes this. The Book-of-the-Month Club, which chose *Don't Go Near the Water* as its Midsummer selection, believes this. Even the dust jacket tells us—here is a "farical . . . entertainment."

However, as it turns out, this is the kind of book that once you've picked up, you want to put down right away. The sly remarks, the consistent cursing and the flip attitude toward venery bury the humor and make the counterplot—"a gentle and tender love story"—rather tragic.

Choosing a few selected incidents in the lives of a group of public relations officers on the remote Pacific island of Tulura as a setting, Mr. Brinkley presents his hero: Ensign Max Siegel. A Harvard man, briefly in the

investment business, fresh from sea duty on a destroyer, the ugliest man in the Navy . . . this is Mr. Siegel. He has a beautiful soul (we are told). The Tularans, children, old men, and dogs, all love him. He's a protector of the native women; he even falls in love with one, Melora, whom he treats like a princess. But as a Correspondent's Aide on the island, where his knack for languages enables him to speak the native tongue after two months, he condones adultery among the Americans; aids a young yeoman in his illicit affair with a Navy nurse; manages to do a correspondent out of a thousand dollar bill (to build a school, of course) and wins over Melora's father because he can play chess—such is the stuff of which heroes are made.

Melora Alba, his heroine, gifted with "a flawless palomino tan," and all physical attributes, is a native Tularan who speaks perfect English (she studied in Europe), teaches in the local school, and is the only child of her wealthy, educated father. A direct descendant of Magellan's chief of Staff, and bound to the island (she tells Max in a tender moment: "I could never live anywhere but here"), Melora convinces Ensign Siegel he should stay in Tulura where he can work for her father in the First National Bank of Tulura and all can be happy forever after. Such is the stuff of which heroines are made.

But, alas, such is not the stuff of which good novels are made . . . not even good "entertainments."

The book, written scene by scene, is of the type easily adapted to stage or movie treatment. Of course, after it is "cleaned up a bit." Perhaps this is what Mr. Brinkley had in mind when he created his prop-like characters and put them under his paper moon.

The occasional comic incidents such as the enlisted men's revolt against the grandiose plans for the new officers' club, (solved by letting the men drink their ration of beer all at once so they can get drunk occasionally), or the staff conference called to link up Tarzan and the Navy, are not enough to overcome the overt sexual monotone "running through it all."

Here you can discover that congressmen, correspondents, Navy enlisted

men and officers are "lecherous," and every woman they touch (except the heroine Melora) "easy."

Can anything funny come out of Sodom? *Don't Go Near the Water* convinces me it cannot.

RICHARD A. DOWD.

#### A JEFFERSON PROFILE

by Saul K. Padover

*John Day*, \$5.00

This is the fifth book about Jefferson prepared by Saul K. Padover. Perhaps the one best known is his compilation, *The Complete Jefferson*, which, although by no means complete, does contain a great deal of material prepared by Jefferson in different fields. The present volume is less pretentious. From the approximately 18,000 letters extant that were written by Jefferson, Padover has selected 180 that he believes express the essence of the man. That is debatable. Jefferson's writings will perhaps represent a total of about fifty volumes when completed; it seems difficult to believe that 180 letters, presented in a book of 359 pages, will completely reveal the nature of our third president.

However, any study of Jefferson is intriguing. In comparison with him, any other president of this nation seems almost illiterate. Jefferson was interested in and wrote upon such a wealth of topics that we wonder how he could have found time to study them as carefully as he did. The letters in this volume, arranged in chronological order, show no rigid development. As early as 1785, after having spent some time in Europe, we find Jefferson writing to James Monroe to assure the latter that no American "will ever settle in Europe." In 1787, with the Revolution over, Jefferson wrote to Madison and informed him that rebellions were not necessarily bad, and to William Smith to assure the latter that the tree of liberty "must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants." Jefferson's European experience was perhaps responsible for his consigning "kings, nobles and priests to the scaffold" in a letter written in 1794. Elsewhere we find him stating that one generation has no right to burden another one with debt, which makes us

smile as we think of the debt burden passed on by his political descendants, in the form of a staggering national debt. Calvin, he considered an atheist; Jesus, he revered but he was unwilling to accept all His doctrines as we have received them. Jefferson believed that Paul and others had corrupted the teachings of the Master. Any combination of Church and State was unacceptable, but Jefferson considered himself no enemy to religion. To those who have only a bowing acquaintance with Jefferson, this book will deepen that relationship.

PAUL KINIERY, PH.D.

#### MAUDE ADAMS: An Intimate Portrait

by Phyllis Robbins

*Putnam*, \$5.00

"There's my Babbie," cried Sir James Barrie on seeing Maude Adams as leading lady for John Drew in *Rosemary*. I remember as a child, peering through the half-open door of a room in the old Bear and Fox Inn at Oteora to watch a very pretty girl rehearsing lines before her mirror. It was Miss Adams before the momentous production which brought about her affiliation with Barrie when their mutual combination of imagination, humor, pathos and charm endeared them to so many audiences. *Peter Pan* can stand on his own feet, but is doubtful if anyone but Maude Adams could have popularized *Quality Street* or *a Kiss for Cinderella*. On the occasion of the three hundredth performance of *The Little Minister* at the Empire in 1960, Charles Frohman presented each lady in the theater with an American Beauty rose. In the twenty-one years of her stardom, 1897-1918, Miss Adams appeared in six plays by Barrie. She was unsuccessful in Shakespeare, but had a run in *L'Aiglon* by Rostand whose *Chantecler* was her favorite play.

Miss Adams first stepped on the stage when she was five, and in the next ten years appeared with her Mother in forty-two different productions. Charles Frohman was her loyal friend from 1890, when she joined his stock company, to his death on the *Lusitania*. When Frohman, Inc. refused her a fair contract for Barrie's *Mary Rose*, she retired after forty-six years of continuous work and began experiments with



stage lighting for General Electric in Schenectady. In 1937 she joined the faculty of Stephens College at Columbia, Missouri, to found a school of acting which absorbed all her enthusiasm. In 1953 she died in a cottage on the main road between Onteora and Tannersville in the Catskills. She had given away her large house at Onteora as well as her estate at Ronkonkoma, Long Island, to the religious of the Cenacle in whose convent she had found great peace when in New York. Miss Adams, however, never became a Catholic. Her mother had been a Mormon. In the theater Maude Adams' gaiety and generosity were proverbial. Unkindness in any form was alien to her. During a seven weeks' tour of one night stands, she passed through trains every night to say goodnight to each

member of her company, and raised the extras' salaries out of her own pocket, providing berths and cabs for all the women in the cast as well.

As a Christmas gift she once had an old friend's house in Boston wired for electricity. The same old friend insisted on coating both Miss Adams' tights and her saddle with a preparation called "stickum" when, as St. Joan, she rode a white charger in a pageant in Cambridge! Frail health and her natural shyness made Miss Adams a recluse, but her capacity for friendship is mirrored in the rapt devotion of her present biographer. Old age has its compensation in the happy memories of the evanescent joyousness of Maude Adams as Lady Babbie.

E. V. R. WYATT.

#### SHORTER NOTICES

**THE MAN IN THE IRON LUNG**, by Leonard C. Hawkins with Milton Lomask (*Doubleday*, \$3.75). Few readers will remain unmoved by this account of the heroic way in which Frederick Snite lived from the age of twenty-five until his death eighteen years later. Struck down by paralytic polio, he displayed a degree of fine courage and deep faith which well deserve to be recorded both for the encouragement of other helpless invalids and for the inspiration of us all. Our readers will be interested to learn that each day after breakfast he would pass a half hour alone in his room while reading the appropriate page from *Meditations for Everyman* written by one of the Paulist Fathers.

**ALBERT SCHWEITZER: Man of Mercy**, by Jacquelyn Berrill (*Dodd, Mead*, \$3.00). Miss Berrill gives an interesting outline of the many-sided career of the man who, in these days, is hailed as the "Protestant saint." While very little attention is paid to his theological writings, the final chapter does state the unfortunate fact that "he belongs to no particular church and has no formal religion."

**MAN AND THE UNDERWATER WORLD**, by Pierre de Latil and Jean Rivoire (*Putnam*, \$5.00). Many attempts have been made in the past and present to explore the three quarters of the earth's surface that lie beneath the sea, attempts which have been successful on a large scale only during the past century. The authors of this volume present an absorbing account of these efforts.

It is interesting that although Prince Albert of Monaco played a large part in such developments, nothing is said of the exploits of Captain Paul Boyton.

**THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY**, by Clinton Rossiter (*Harcourt, Brace*, \$2.95). This book, as suggested by the publisher's announcement, is practically a Democratic campaign document. It presents Franklin D. Roosevelt as a giant figure who saved mankind from a hideous fate and merited a place in World History higher than Theodore Roosevelt or Jefferson. John T. Flynn, Clarence Manion and the Daughters of the American Revolution, are agitators, bent on opposing prog-

ress and pushing this nation backwards. Criticisms that have been made by Senator Taft, Representative Coudert, and Senator McCarthy have been mere straws in a wind that beats relentlessly on the White House. The author misrepresents Senator Bricker's proposed amendment as merely an effort "to reduce any president's power to negotiate treaties and amendments with other nations." President Eisenhower is "charming, manly, brave, honest, capable, democratic, fair-minded, and incredibly lucky." Who could ask for anything more?

## INDEX TO REVIEWERS

MARY M. CLARKE, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Political Science, Graduate School, Fordham University, New York City.

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EUPHEMIA VAN RENSSSELARE (Mrs. Christopher) WYATT, Drama Critic, THE CATHOLIC WORLD; member of advisory board and lecturer on Modern Drama, Albertus Magnus College; author of *Monica, Her Country*, etc.

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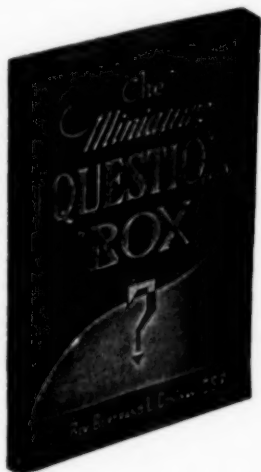
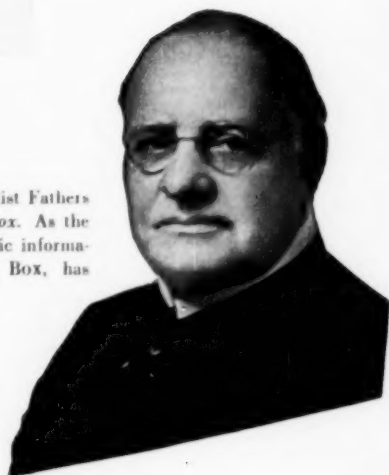
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